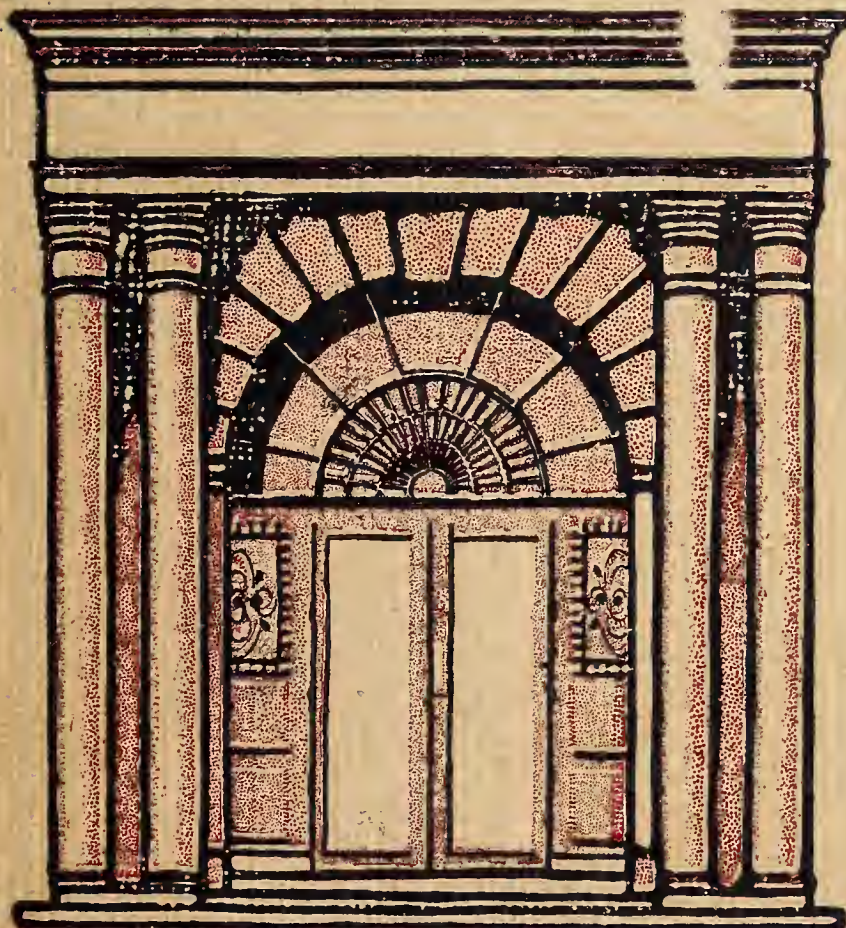


OLLA PODRIDA



CLASS OF JUNE '08
BERKELEY HIGH
SCHOOL



THAYER



LOUIS L STEIN JR
360 RUGBY AVE
BERKELEY CA 94708

FIGHT EMPHYSEMA

LOUIS L. STEIN JR.
360 RUGBY AVE.
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94708

COLLECTION

Louis L. Stein, Jr.

360 RUGBY AVE.
BERKELEY 7, CALIF.



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The
OLLARIA.



PUBLISHED BY CLASS OF JUNE, 1908.

WIPLEY

Dedication.

To Miss Eva V. Carlin.

Greeting we bring to thee whose hand has drawn aside
For us the curtain of the past, when lo! forth came
Nor shadows, nor dim ghosts of dead men; we descried
Men living; learned how thoughts lie dormant, flicker, flame,
Then bear humanity on their resistless tide!

E'en so thy hand points out the way as we ascend;
We pause to clasp it for a moment ere we leave.
Thy inspiration goes before, on to the end!
Greeting we bring to thee, and pray thee to receive
This offering of love, our teacher, comrade, friend.



Foreword.

IN line with what has now become a tradition of the school, this final edition of the "Olla Podrida" takes its place. For us the members of the class of June 1908, the four years of our high school course are come to an end. That stretch of time, which at the beginning seemed almost endless, has passed as a flash, and today we stand at the parting of the ways. It is our hope that in the future these pages may serve as a remembrance of our schoolmates and teachers of these years, and by them we may recall with pleasure this commencement time. We have also endeavored to review the events of the past term and to issue a book that may be in some measure representative of the school and its activities, and of interest to its members in general. As we send forth this volume, we hope that you into whose hands it falls may remember that we are but amateurs and may consider our work as that of students of the Berkeley High.



The Berkeley High School.

DOUBTLESS many of us know but little of the history of Berkeley High School, and we should, as students of this school, be interested in its history. For the benefit of all our readers, this article, the most of which has been gathered from old Olla Podridas and from the plan of the new Polytechnic High School, has been written.

The idea of having a Berkeley High School was first considered in 1880, when the Board of Education recommended the formation of a high school class in August. Under this arrangement seven students took up the high school course, which consisted of Algebra, Latin, Physical Geography, English Composition, Greek and Roman History.

The course was rearranged and graded to allow students to enter the University of California. By 1884 the school had progressed so satisfactorily that it was placed on the "accredited list" of the State University. This was under the supervision of Principal W. W. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson resigned in 1884, and Mr. Veghte was chosen Principal. Mr. Veghte held the position until 1890, when Mr. S. D. Waterman succeeded to the position.

Thirty-five pupils were enrolled in the High School by 1886, and ten years later this number had increased to two hundred and seventy.

The school was greatly hampered by poor accommodations and lack of room. There were only four rooms at the disposal of the High School, with an enrollment of 270, in 1894-5. Classes recited in the Principal's office and in the hall.

In 1896 Mr. Boone, President of the Board of Education, recommended that the High School course be made to cover four years instead of three. This had to be done on account of the demands of the University and the great amount of work necessary for entrance into college. Mr. Boone thought that if we could not have the money for a new building we should at least make the school the best in the state, in instruction and personnel, and a model for other High Schools.

A commercial course was added to the other courses of the High School in 1898, but in 1900 it was thought best to establish the commercial department as a separate institution.

Mr. Waterman was elected City Superintendent of Schools in 1899, and Mr. M. C. James was appointed Principal.

In 1900 a successful bond election was held, authorizing \$100,000 for the erection of a new High School building.

On February 22, 1901, the corner stone was laid in accordance with the impressive ritual of the Grand Lodge of Masons, James R. Foskay, Grand Master, officiating, assisted by Wm. H. Waste of the Berkeley Lodge.

After the occupation of the new building the school rapidly developed into one of the largest and best on the Pacific Coast, under the guidance and instruction of a most excellent faculty, second to none in the state.

The great earthquake that visited California on Wednesday morning, April 18, 1906, almost demolished the new school building, and again Berkeley High had to experience cramped quarters and lack of room.

The old commercial school, two churches, the superintendent's offices, the laboratories and outbuildings were used the rest of the year. The High School building was rapidly





repaired and was occupied again in January, 1907, and has been the home of Berkeley High School ever since.

On August 14 a special bond election was held and \$200,000 for site and new buildings and \$20,000 for repairs on the old building authorized. Land adjoining the old High School building was purchased for \$35,000.

The plans of Stone & Smith, for the Assembly Hall, General Science building and the shops were accepted, and the contract was awarded to Childs & Arlett for construction at a cost of \$155,602, to be completed July 1, 1908.

The Grand Lodge of Masons laid the corner stone of the new buildings on August 24, 1907, Mr. Hart, Grand Master, officiating.

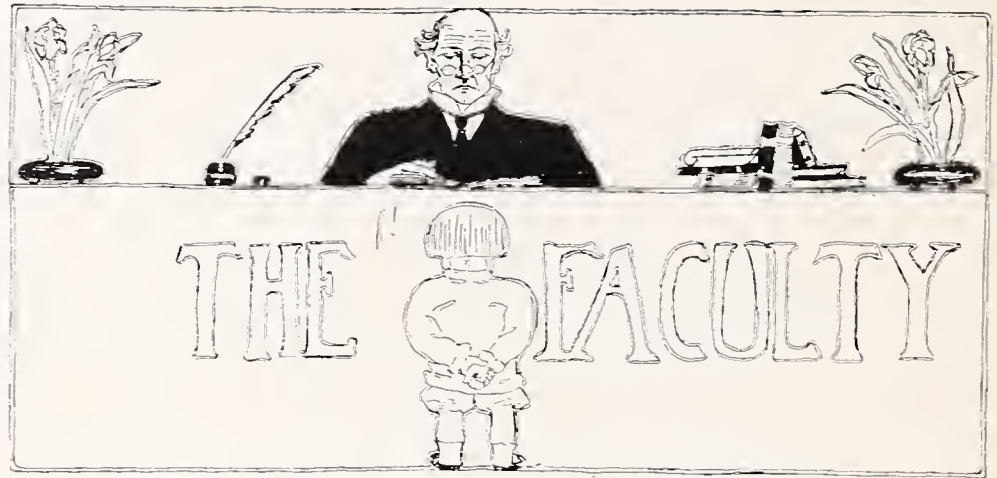
The new assembly hall will seat about 1,000, and is made of reinforced concrete. The main building is also made of reinforced concrete and has two large floors and a flat roof, which will probably be used as a basket-ball court. The first floor contains a typewriting room, stenography room, commercial room, library, three class-rooms and a museum. The second floor has physics laboratory and lecture room, a biology laboratory and lecture room, a chemical laboratory and lecture room, and a physical geography laboratory.

The shops have a foundry room, blacksmithing room, machinery room, woodworking room, lecture room and office, with a drawing room and wash-room upstairs.

Berkeley High School has been growing steadily, and bids fair to be one of the most famous schools of the Pacific Coast in knowledge acquired by its students, competent instruction and excellence in all branches of athletics. Since 1905 the history of athletics in Central California has been, in a large measure, the history of Berkeley High School, and it remains for the undergraduates to keep up this reputation.



PRINCIPAL MORRIS C. JAMES



Name	Graduated From	Entered B.H.S.
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PRINCIPAL.

MORRIS C. JAMES, A. B.	- - Johns Hopkins, '92	- - 1895
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MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

ANNIE C. EDMONDS, PH.B.	- California, '82	- - - 1887
WELLYN B. CLARK, M. A.	- Cornell, Stanford	- - - 1898
LAURA J. FRANK, A. B.	- - California, '98	- - - 1901
CLAUDE SMALLWOOD, B. S.	California, '05	- - - 1905
FRANCES V. CARTER, B. L.	- California, '02	- - - 1906

ANCIENT LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

MARY B. CLAYES, A. B.	- - California, '92	- - - 1893
FRANK B. TUCKER, A. B.	- Stanford, '04	- - - 1906
MARGARET WEBB, B. L.	- - California, '99	- - - 1906
L. R. SMITH, A. B.	- - - Princeton, '72	- - - 1907
PAUL McD. KERR, A. B.	- - Toronto, '03	- - - 1907

MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

LOUISE J. HOLLING, Ph. B.	- California, '99	- - - 1901
LOUISE N. HOWARD, Ph. B.	California, '00	- - - 1904
AMELIA H. NEWMARK, A. B.	California, '00	- - - 1905
JENNIE W. STEEVES, B. S.	- California, '03	- - - 1905

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

FANNIE W. McLEAN, B. L.	-	California, '85	-	-	-	-	1886
HELENA W. CURTIS, B. L.	-	California, '95	-	-	-	-	1898
EVA M. STONE, B. L.	-	-	-	California, '99	-	-	1899
LILLIE J. HAMLIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	1905
MADELINE V. CHRISTY, B. L.	-	California, '01	-	-	-	-	1907
E. O. JAMES, AB., M. A.	-	-	-	Stanford, '02	-	-	1907



HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

EVA V. CARLIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	1897
MARY G. MAXWELL, B. L.	-	California, '98	-	-	-	-	1905
ELIZABETH S. KELSEY, Ph. B.	-	Iowa, '98	-	-	-	-	1906
MARK E. DeWITT, A. B.	-	-	-	Stanford, '04	-	-	1907

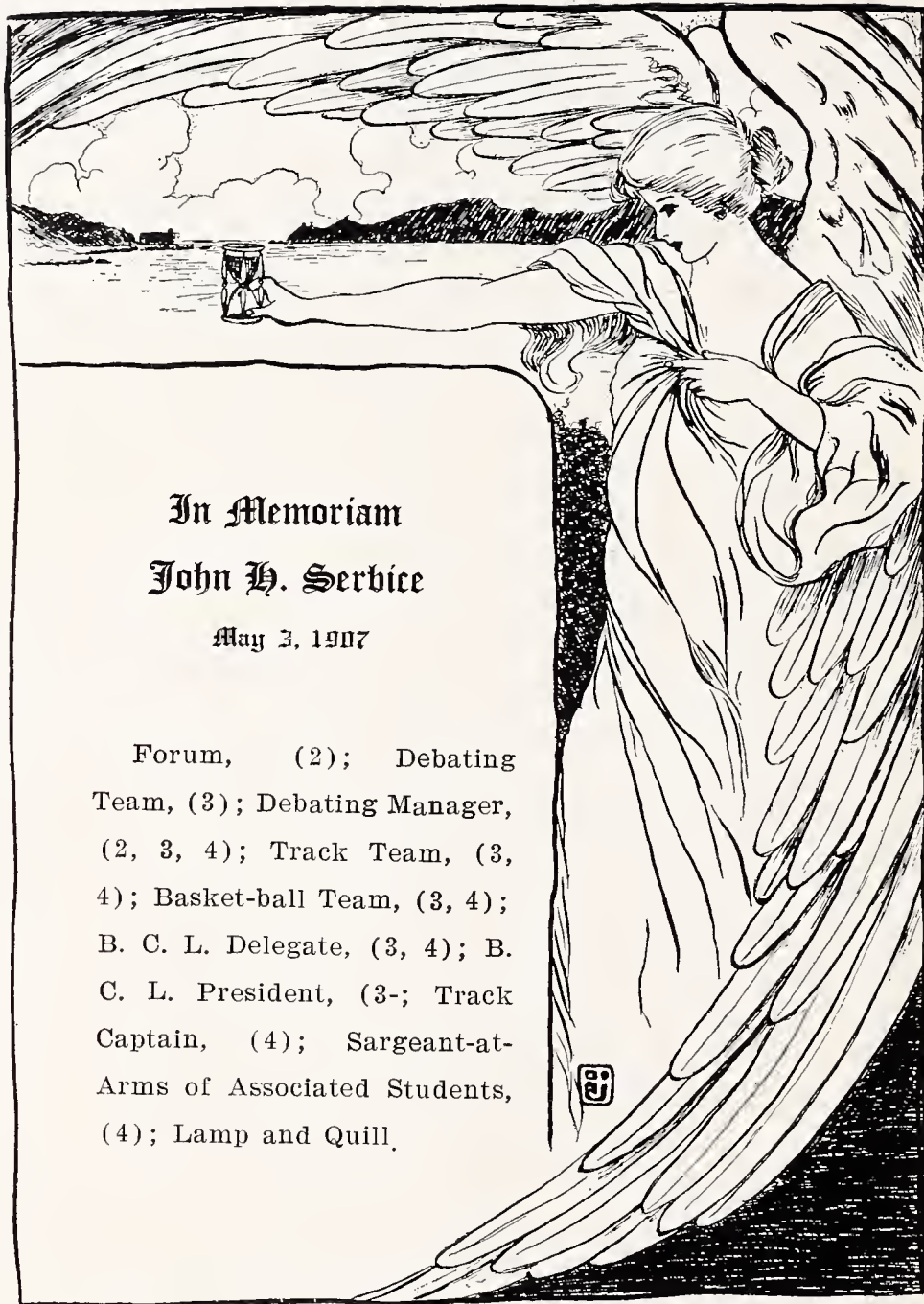
SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

A. N. SHELDON, B. S.	-	-	-	California, '04	-	-	1904
A. G. ANTHONY	-	-	-	Wisconsin	-	-	1905
H. F. SHELDON, B. S.	-	-	-	California, '01	-	-	1907

DRAWING DEPARTMENT.

MAIRENE MULLER, B. S.	-	-	-	California, '98	-	-	1902
GRACE BARNETT, B. S.	-	-	-	California, '03	-	-	1905





In Memoriam
John H. Serbice

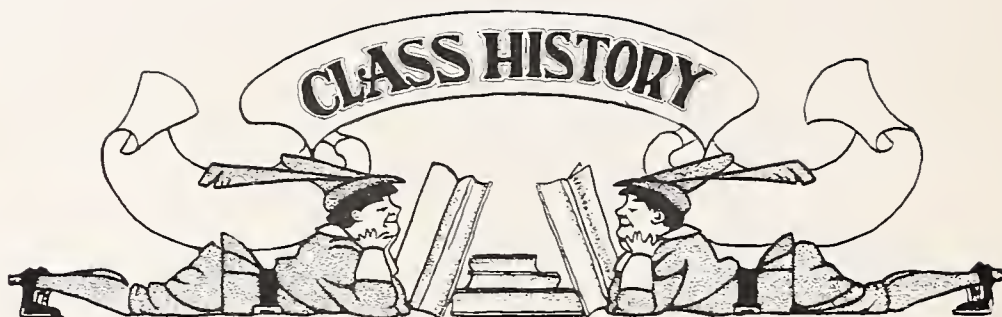
May 3, 1907

Forum, (2); Debating
Team, (3); Debating Manager,
(2, 3, 4); Track Team, (3,
4); Basket-ball Team, (3, 4);
B. C. L. Delegate, (3, 4); B.
C. L. President, (3-; Track
Captain, (4); Sargeant-at-
Arms of Associated Students,
(4); Lamp and Quill,



The Class
of
June, 1908





By Margaret Buckham.

AS the end of our High School course draws near memories of the past four years come thronging back. Those of us who have passed the entire time in Berkeley High will recall with a smile that first day when the upper classes were disposed of, one by one, finally leaving the "scrubs" deserted in the vast expanse of the Assembly Hall.

Of course, we would not have admitted it then for the world, but, if the truth be told, we did not feel quite at home the first year. It was a relief after the Christmas class had entered, to know that we were no longer at the very bottom of the ladder. The organization of the class was begun immediately. Meetings we had, the first one held in the Assembly Hall, under the auspices of our elders and betters, but they must remain forever shrouded in oblivion, for all records are lost. Our athletes began to organize themselves early, and '08 football and baseball teams held several contests with other schools. Ours was the first track team to enter the Freshman B. C. L. field day.

At the beginning of our Junior year we took up the discussion of class pins and a suitable constitution. Just before Christmas we gave a dance to the Middlers and Seniors. Things went along smoothly enough, although the skating rink claimed a little more than its share of attention, until the 18th of April, when along with the other inhabitants of Berkeley we received a most thorough shaking. Our poor old school

building was severely injured by the shock, and after some two weeks or more we resumed our studies in numerous miscellaneous buildings on Allston way. Not long before the summer vacation the class pins were decided upon in their present form.



We began our Middle year still ensconced in the before-mentioned buildings on Allston way. The principal event of the first term was the choice of a wedding gift for that respected instructor of Latin and Greek, whose absence this year we have so much regretted. After Christmas we returned to our regular building.

The last term has been a busy one. Our meetings have grown into lengthy debates lasting well into the afternoon. First in the course of events was the discussion regarding our Senior play, and the tryouts for the different parts. On March the 20th we showed that we could endure defeat gracefully, for the Faculty beat us at baseball by an overwhelming score. Next came the picnic in Haywards Canyon, upon which it will always be a pleasure to look back. Mingled with those other matters came the final Pod, the sermon the Sunday evening before graduation, the exercises themselves and the Senior ball. And now only a few finishing touches remain to make our graduation all that we desire.

At the time of our departure it may be well for us to call to mind some of the more important changes which have taken place since we entered Berkeley High. We can remember the time when there was singing in the morning and all the pupils could be comfortably accommodated in the Assembly Hall. When we first came there were five periods instead of six, and not long after that one session was tried for a term or two. In the old days, before the "beanery," "The Commodore," since replaced by a substantial force, both male and female, reigned supreme in the basement. It was not until our second year that we found a friend in the little lady who presides over the excuse cards. The time of the nuptial ceremonies of our Prin-



cipal is within our memory, and only last summer a little sister to all the pupils came into the home of our Vice-Principal. The Faculty is not as we used to know it. A few of our teachers have left us and many more have come to give us help and instruction. Our class itself is vastly changed. We go out a hundred strong, but a large percentage of our present number have joined the ranks since the contest first began. More than these are they whose loss, through one cause or another, we regret. Death has come but once in all our history. Not many days since one of the most promising members of the class was stricken down—the only cloud to mar the brightness of our graduation.

At last our course is all but finished. We feel that in the past four years we have accomplished much. In addition to our studies we have taken part in many activities, social and otherwise. Among our number are artists and musicians. Our contributions to journalism, debating and athletics have been generous. We have furnished editors and business managers for the paper and officers for the Associated Students. Those who have not aspired to prominent positions have been doing a work of no less importance, each in his own way. We have all met with disappointments, but the joys have far outnumbered these. New fields of labor are open to us. We must press ever onward toward the goal. At the parting of the ways let us pause that we may wish success to those who follow in our footsteps and to the teachers express our gratitude for all that they have done to make our lives better and nobler through their example and instruction.



CLASS RECORD



Name.	Birthplace	Course
DORIS M. ADEN - - - - -	Vallejo, Cal. - - - - -	Classical
ALICE LORRAINE ANDREWS	Maui, H. I. - - - - -	Classical
Class President (1, 4); Class Vice-President (1); Assistant Treasurer (2); Secretary (3); OLLA PODRIDA Staff (2, 3, 4); Vice-President Associated Students (3).		
JOHN BADGER - - - - -	Montana - - - - -	Scientific
EARL BARNETT - - - - -	Fort Bragg, Cal. - - -	Scientific
MARY LOUISE BARRON - - -	Nevada City, Cal. - - -	Commerce
EUNICE NEWELL BEAL - - -	San Andreas, Cal. - - -	Social Science
Senior Play (4).		
EDNA ELCEDENA BELL - - -	Elkhart, Ind. - - - - -	Social Science
Class Vice-President (4); Chairman Senior Picnic Committee (4); Graduation Committee (4).		
IRWIN C. BERRY - - - - -	Marysville, Cal. - - - - -	Scientific
Tennis Team (3, 4); Tennis Manager (4); Class President (3); Senior Play (4); Track Team (4); Lamp and Quill.		
MIRIAM BLACKER - - - - -	St. Clair, Penn. - - - - -	Classical
RALPH H. BOWERS - - - - -	Toronto, Can. - - - - -	Scientific
DORA BRINK - - - - -	Lakeport, Cal. - - - - -	Social Science
HIVENIA BRISTOL - - - - -	Williams, Cal. - - - - -	Classical
Senior Play (4).		
LILLIAN HARRISON BROWN	Santa Monica, Cal. - - -	Social Science
Basket-ball Team (2, 3, 4); Alternate B. H. S. Debating Team (3); President Agora (3, 4).		



EDNA BROWNING - - - - Paris, Mo. - - - Social Science
MARGARET BUCKHAM - - Salem, Mass. - - - Classical
Class Historian (4).
OLIVETTE BUNCE - - - - Alamo, Cal. - - Social Science
ETHEL BURNS - - - - San Francisco, Cal. - Classical
WANDEE CHEEK - - - - Oakland, Cal. - Social Science
HONG YEN CHENG - - - - San Francisco, Cal. - Commerce
GANO CHITTENDEN - - - New York City - - - Scientific
ELLA B. CLARK - - - - Dallas, Tex. - - Social Science
STELLA DAVIS - - - - Modesto, Cal. - Social Science
Basket-ball (3); Agora (3); Senior Play (4).
FLORENCE EDITH DOYLE - San Francisco, Cal. - Classical
Decoration Committee Junior Dance; Class Secretary (4);
Senior Girls' Jinks Committee (4).
NEWTON DRURY - - - - San Francisco, Cal. Social Science
B. H. S. Debating Team (3, 4). Secretary Glee Club (3); Presi-
dent Forum (4); Vice-President Associated Students (4); Presi-
dent Associated Students (4); Senior Faculty Baseball Team
(4); Lamp and Quill.
ALICE EVELETH - - - - San Francisco, Cal. Social Science
JEWEL FAY - - - - Porterville, Cal. - - Classical
WILLIAM WARREN FERRIER Seattle, Wash. - - - Classical
Class President (3); OLLA PODRIDA Staff (3); Editor-in-Chief
OLLA PODRIDA (4); Senior-Faculty Baseball Team (4); Lamp
and Quill.
CLARENCE FLAGG - - - Sacramento, Cal. - - Scientific
Track Team (1, 2, 3-; "08" Football Team; "08" Track
Team; Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4).
ROY M. FORTIER - - - Denver, Colo. - - - Medicine
BERYL MAE FOUNTAINE - Dixon, Cal. - - Social Science
Senior Girls' Jinks Committee (4).
WALTER G. FREDERICKSON Greenfield, Wis. - - - Classical
Glee Club (2, 3); Decoration Committee (4); Senior-Faculty
Baseball Team (4); Associate Editor OLLA PODRIDA (4).
HOWELL GESTER - - - - Auburn, Cal. - - - Scientific



VARD GIDDINGS - - - - Dinuba, Cal. - - Architecture
FRED GOLDMAN - - - Rio Bonito, Cal. - - Scientific
Senior-Faculty Baseball Team (4).
OSCAR GOLDMAN - - - - Biggs, Cal. - - - - Scientific
Senior-Faculty Baseball Team (4).
WILLIAM J. GRAHAM - - - Escondido, Cal. - - Scientific
ALICE MAY HIESTAND - - Santa Cruz, Cal. - Social Science
Arrangement Committee Junior Dance (2); Society Editor
Girls' Edition OLLA PODRIDA (3).
GEORGE HOLBROOK - - - Portland, Ore. - - Commerce
CLARA A. JACOBSON - - - San Francisco, Cal. Social Science
REBEKAH DWINELL JEWETT Vacaville, Cal. - Social Science
Class President (2); Class Vice-President (2); Class Assistant
Treasurer (1, 4); Reception Committee Junior Dance (2); Pie
Sale Committee (4); Senior Girls' Jinks Committee (4); Man-
ager Girls' OLLA PODRIDA (2).
CARL JOHNSTON - - - - Visalia, Cal. - - - Commerce
Chairman Graduating Committee (4); Senior Ball Committee;
Senior-Faculty Baseball Team; Senior Play (4).
BESSIE JONES - - - - Sendai, Japan - Social Science
Basket-ball (3, 4).
MILDRED W. JORDAN - - - Arizona - - - - Scientific
Refreshment Committee Junior Dance (2); Senior Play Com-
mittee (4).
STAFFORD JORY - - - - Stockton, Cal. - - - Scientific
Basket-ball Team (4); Track Team (4).
EMELIA JUSTINA KANIG - - Sonora, Cal. - - - Classical
CARL KELSEY - - - - Roseburg, Or. - Social Science
ANDREW W. LAWSON - - British Columbia - - Scientific
Senior Play.
JOSEPHINE LE CONTE - - Berkeley, Cal. - - - Classical
MILDRED LE CONTE - - - Oakland, Cal. - - Social Science
ELLA RUTH LEWIS - - - - San Diego, Cal. - - - Classical
LEONARD LOEB - - - - Switzerland - Natural Science
Class Sargeant-at Arms (4).



- A. ROWANTREE LOCKE - - Lakeport, Cal. - - Agriculture
Track Team (1).
- MARJORIE RUTH LUSK - - Antigo, Wis. - - Social Science
- HELEN CATHERINE LYONS - Oakland, Cal. - - Social Science
- JAMES A. MARSHALL - - - Santa Rosa, Cal. - - Scientific
Senior Play (4); Arrangement Committee Senior Ball (4);
Forum.
- HURD MATTHEW - - - - Los Angeles, Cal. - Social Science
Football Team (3); Championship A. A. L. Football Team (4);
Baseball Team (3); Baseball Captain (4); Lamp and Quill.
- BAILEY McAFEE - - - - Parkville, Mo. - Social Science
- CLAIRE MARION McCLURE - San Francisco, Cal. - Classical
Basket-ball Team (1, 2); Glee Club Accompanist (4).
- STEWART McGEE - - - - San Francisco, Cal. - Scientific
- KATHRYN McKEE - - - - Richfield, Kas. - Social Science
Class Vice-President (1); Class Assistant Treasurer (2); Re-
ception Committee Junior Dance (2); Class Secretary (3). Lit-
erary Editor OLLA PODRIDA (4).
- KENNETH C. MOHRHARDT - San Francisco, Cal. - Scientific
Class Treasurer (4); Chairman Arrangements Committee,
Senior Ball; Graduation Committee; Senior-Faculty Baseball
Team (4).
- DONALD B. MUNRO - - - - Stockton, Cal. - - - General
Football Team (3); Championship A. A. L. Football Team (4);
President Associated Students (4); Lamp and Quill.
- RAYMOND NEWSOM - - - - Los Angeles, Cal. - - Scientific
Santa Monica High School (1); Los Angeles High School (2,3);
Track Team (4); Basket-ball Team (4); Swimming Team (4);
Class President (4); Senior Play (4); Lamp and Quill.
- ROBERT H. NICHOLSON - - Anderson, Cal. - - - Scientific
Freshman B. C. L. Track Team (1); Josh Editor OLLA POD-
RIDA (3); Editor OLLA PODRIDA (4); Yell Leader (4).
- GRACE MARIAN NOBLE - - Alameda, Cal. - Social Science
Arrangement Committee Senior Ball (4).
- NORMA NOTEWARE - - - Carson, City, Nev. - - Classical
Reception Committee Junior Dance (2); Senior Girls' Jinks
Committee (4). Decoration Committee Senior Ball (4).

RALPH E. NORTON - - - - Willits, Cal. - - Social Science
Forum (1, 3). President Forum (2, 3); Baseball Team (4).

ALICE PEMBER - - - - - Skiddy, Kas. - - Social Science

ALBERT RATHBONE - - - - Redwood City, Cal. - Scientific
Santa Rosa High School (1); Decoration Committee Senior
Farewell (2); Class Sargeant-at-Arms (3); Track Manager
(3); Athletic Editor OLLA PODRIDA (3); Track Team (2, 3,
4); Basket-ball Team (4); Business Manager OLLA PODRIDA
(4); Senior Play (4); Class President (4); Lamp and Quill.

GRACE REPLOGLE - - - - - Mt. Pleasant, Pa. - - Classical
Secretary Agora (3).

MILDRED D. REYNOLDS - - - - Eureka, Cal. - - Social Science

FRANK RIEBER - - - - - Placerville, Cal. - - Scientific

AGNES ROBINSON - - - - - Clarkesville, Ark. Social Science

ARCHIE RUSHFORTH - - - - Stockton, Cal. - - - Scientific

MARION RUST - - - - - Winters, Cal. - - Social Science
Senior Girls' Jinks Committee (4); Pie Sale Committee (4).

PAULINE RUTH - - - - - Alliance, O. - - - - Scientific
Arrangement Committee Senior Dance (4); Chairman Girls'
High Jinks Committee (4); Senior Play (4).

ROY W. RYAN - - - - - Millard, S. Dak. - - Scientific

ELSA MARGUERITE SCHILLINGS Springfield, O. - Social Science
Dance Committee (1); Manager Girls' OLLA PODRIDA (2);
Society Editor OLLA PODRIDA (3).

CAROLINE SCHLEEF - - - - Halfmoon Bay, Cal. - Classical

RUSSELL W. SCHULTZE - - - - Gualala, Cal. - - - Scientific
"08" Football Team (1); Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Championship
A. A. L. Football Team (4). Lamp and Quill.

STANTON SHERMAN - - - - Newcastle, Cal. - - - Scientific

EVA SHERWIN - - - - - Cambridge, Mass. - - Classical
Senior Girls' High Jinks Committee (4); Senior Play (4).

ELOISE SHOE CRAFT - - - - Nevada City, Cal. - - Classical

JOHN SPASOFF - - - - - Bulgaria - - - - Scientific

DORIS CHURCHILL SPENCER Woodland, Cal. - Social Science
Basket-ball Manager (2, 3); Captain Basket-ball Team (3);
Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Agora (2, 3, 4).





WOLCOTT P. STANTON - - New York City - - - Scientific
Lamp and Quill.

GORDON STEWART - - - - Berkeley, Cal. - - Social Science
Class Secretary (2).

HOWARD C. STOVER - - - Logan, Utah - - - Scientific
Basket-ball (4).

LILLIAN GLADYS THAXTER Machias, Maine - - - Classical

GWENDOLYN UNDERWOOD - Berkeley, Cal. - - - Classical

SAIDEE UNDERWOOD - - - Berkeley, Cal. - - - Classical

JOY WALTZ - - - - - - - Oaksdale, Wash. - Social Science
Class Treasurer (4); Senior Picnic Committee (4).

EARL WAYCOTT - - - - Morley, Mich. - - - Scientific
Director Glee Club (4); Pinafore (4); Track Team (4); Mana-
ger Track Team (4); Athletic Delegate (4); Senior Play (4);
Manager Senior Play (4). Lamp and Quill.

MEREDITH WILLS - - - - Pomeroy, Wash. - - Commerce

GLADYS AMBER WILSON - - Dennison, Ia. - - Social Science
Class Vice-President (4).

LEAH HARRIETTE WILSON - Dennison, Ia. - - Social Science

JOHN WISE - - - - - Lincoln, Neb. - - - General

ROBERT PERCY WISECARVER McMinville, Or. - Social Science
Healdsburg High School (1, 2); Forum (3, 4); Glee Club
(3, 4); Inter-Society Debating Team (3, 4); Berkeley High De-
bating Team (3); President Forum (4); Senior-Faculty Base-
ball Team (4); Senior Play (4).

MARGERY WHINNERY - - Pasadena, Cal. - - - General

KATHERINE WOODHEAD - St. Paul, Minn. - Social Science



Doris Aden
Mary Barron
Miriam Blacker
Lillian Brown

Lorraine Andrews
Eunice Beal
Ralph Bowers
Edna Browning

John Badger
Edna Bell
Dora Brink
Margaret Buckham

Earl Barnett
Irwin Berry
Hivenia Bristol
Olivet Bunce

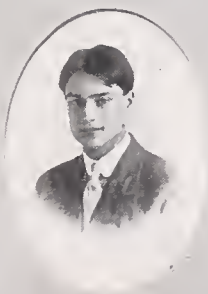


Ethel Burns
 Stella Davis
 Jewell Fay
 Beryl Fontaine

Wandee Cheek
 Florence Doyle
 Warren Ferrier
 Walter Fredrickson

Gano Chittenden
 Newton Drury
 Clarence Flagg
 Fred Goldman

Ella Clark
 Alice Eveleth
 Roy Fortier
 Oscar Goldman



William Graham
Carl Johnston
Carl Kelsey
Ella Lewis

Alice Hiestand
Bessie Jones
Werner Lawson
Rowan Locke

Clara Jacobsen
Mildred Jordan
Josephine Le Conte
Leonard Loeb

Rebekah Jewett
Emelia Kanig
Mildred Le Conte
Marjorie Lusk



Helen Lyons
Stewart McGee
Raymond Newsom
Norma Notware

James Marshall
Kathryn McKee
Robert Nicholson
Alice Pember

Hurd Matthew
Kenneth Mohrhardt
Grace Noble
Albert Rathbone

Claire McClure
Donald Munro
Ralph Norton
Grace Replogle



Mildred Reynolds
Marion Rust
Caroline Schleaf
Eloise Shoecraft

Frank Rieber
Pauline Ruth
Russel Schultze
John Spasoff

Agnes Robinson
Roy Ryan
Stanton Sherman
Doris Spencer

Archie Rushforth
Elsa Schilling
Eva Sherwin
Gordon Stewart



Howard Stover
Joy Waltz
Leah Wilson

Lillian Thaxter
Earl Waycott
John Wise

Gwendolyn Underwood
Meredith Wills
Percy Wisecarver

Saidee Underwood
Gladys Wilson
Katherine Woodhead

The Senior Picnic.

AT a High Senior class meeting held early in the term it was decided to have a "Senior picnic" during the spring vacation week. Wednesday of this week was set aside for the picnic, and as Haywards Canyon received the majority vote, accordingly we went thither. Miss Edna Bell was appointed chairman of the Picnic Committee, and under her direction, with the hearty co-operation of the girls, the lunch, which was by far the most important thing, was made ready.

The lunch prepared could not have been better if set before a royal court. The table consisted of heavy paper spread on the ground, while the tablecloth was that of nature's manufacture—beautiful ferns and poppies gathered by the frolicsome Seniors. A mound of fruit formed the center-piece, and, indeed, the table, when decked with all the dainties, presented a tempting sight; but alas! its beauty, but not its excellence, was soon destroyed by everyone "falling to." Great justice was done the feast and there was plenty and much to spare.

After lunch, games of various sorts were played, while a few ambitious creatures explored the wonders of the canyon. Mr. Smith entertained us with a limeric reading, and added a great deal to the spirit of the occasion in other ways. Miss Percival was also with us, and we enjoyed her presence as much as usual. The latter half of the afternoon was taken up in dancing the barn dance in a small pavilion which was discovered. Nothing but the music of the woods accompanied the dancers, but it certainly was very enjoyable, if not so very graceful.

The return ride, which brought us home in time for dinner, ended our pleasant day, and we parted with the hope that our other Senior festivities would be equally enjoyable and successful.





1908 Senior Week

Sunday, May 31, 7:30 P. M.—

Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. H. K. Booth.
First Congregational Church.

Monday, June 1, 8 P. M.—

Senior Girls' High Jinks.

Wednesday, June 3, 2:15 P. M.—

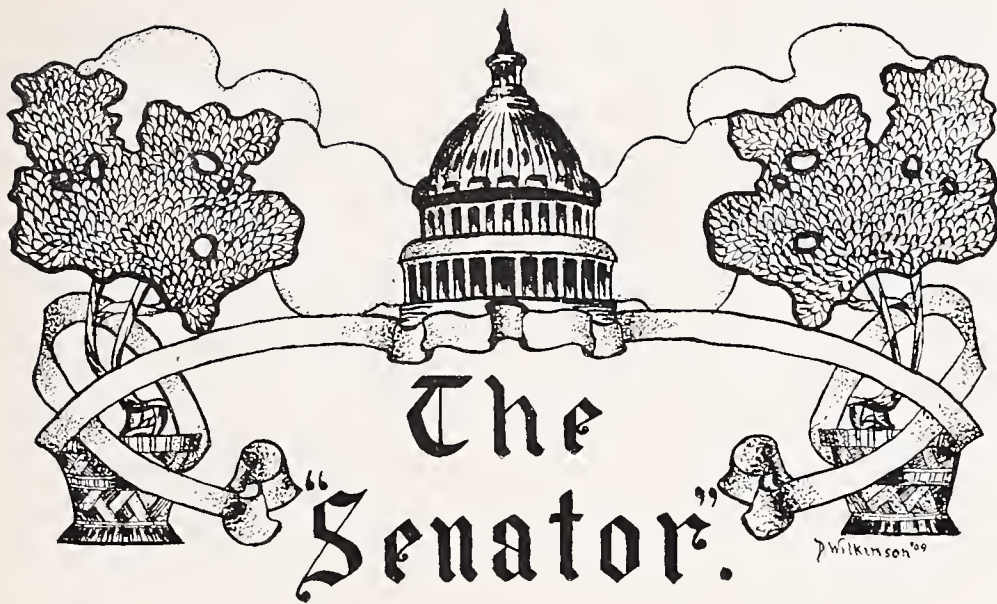
Class Production of "The Senator."
Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland.

Thursday, June 4, 8:30 P. M.—

Senior Ball, Masonic Temple.

Friday, June 5, 8 P. M.—

Graduation Exercises. Assembly Hall.



AFTER due discussion and consideration the class decided to present a modern comedy as their class play, and after considerable investigation and upon the advice of Mr. Holme, "The Senator" was selected.

"The Senator" has taken a very high place amongst modern comedies. Its story is essentially American and has to do with the affairs of the nation at the Capitol in Washington. The story centers round a young and uncorrupt Senator from a Western State, and it is his force and "strenuosity" that forms the main theme of the drama. Briefly to tell the story of the play, it is as follows:

Mr. Denman and his pretty daughter, Mabel, have a claim against the nation for \$100,000, due for damages inflicted by the British in the war of 1812. The old man is in feeble health and fears to leave his daughter unprovided for. For fifty years the "Denman" claim has been postponed in the Senate. In Act I, Senator Rivers, charmed by Mabel's appearance and the gentleness of the old man, takes up their cause.



In Act II we find the Senator preparing to force the claim through. In Act III he wins his battle and the claim, and in Act IV he wins Mabel for his wife.

The is the most meagre outline of the plot. The play is full of delightful characters and situations. Josie is the niece of a Secretary of State, who makes everybody fall in love with her, and invents new worlds all the time. Mrs. Hillary, a pretty widow who adores all men; Mrs. Schuyler, who hates scandal, "but really cannot help saying," and Ling Ching, a quaint Chinaman, all aid the production to be of the brightest. The play is full of go from start to finish, and all those who go to see the Senior play will witness a production that, as "Josie" would say, will neither be "woozey" nor limpgobblish."

The Cast.

Senator Hannibal Rivers	- - - - -	Earl Waycott
Richard Vance	- - - - -	Albert Rathbone
Secretary Alexander Armstrong	- - - - -	Carl Johnston
Lieut. George Schuyler	- - - - -	Werner Lawson
Silas Denman	- - - - -	Ralph Bowers
Count von Stahl	- - - - -	Percy Wisecarver
Isaih Sharpless	- - - - -	Raymond Newsom
Josie Armstrong	- - - - -	Pauline Ruth
Mrs. Hillary	- - - - -	Eunice Beal
Mrs. Armstrong	- - - - -	Stella Davis
Miss Mabel Denman	- - - - -	Hivenia Bristol
Mrs. Schuyler	- - - - -	Eva Sherwin
Ling Ching	- - - - -	Robert Weber
Rastus	- - - - -	James Marshall



MASONIC TEMPLE

Thursday, June 4

PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

MR. and MRS. M. C. JAMES
MR. and MRS. A. N. SHELDON
MISS LOUISE J. HOLLING
MR. L. R. SMITH

ARRANGEMENTS COMMITTEE

KENNETH MOHRHARDT
Chairman

GRACE NOBLE
PAULINE RUTH
JAMES MARSHALL

DECORATION COMMITTEE

ROBERT NICHOLSON
Chairman

FLORENCE DOYLE
MILDRED JORDAN
RALPH BOWERS



CLASS DAY



Invocation - - - - - Rev. L. A. McAfee

Music - - - - - Pimentel's Orchestra

Address - - - - Miss Lorraine Andrews
Of the Graduating Class.

Music—Octette - - - - - Glee Club

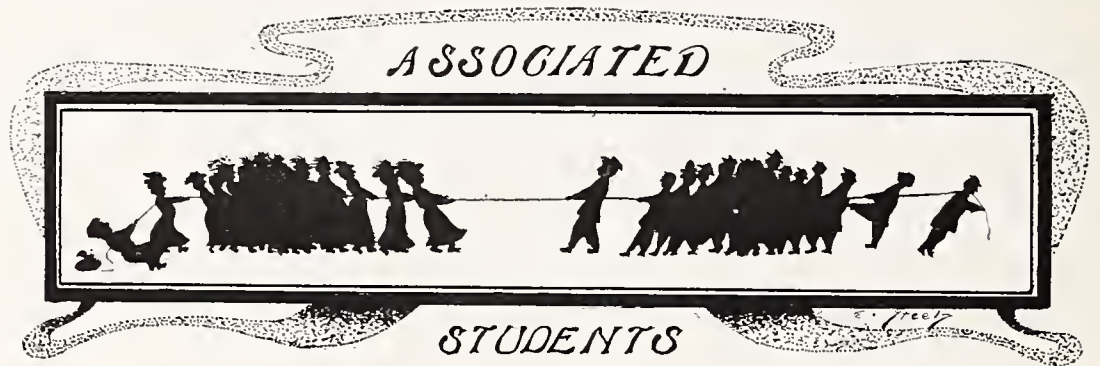
Address - - - - - Newton Drury
Of the Graduating Class.

Music - - - - - Pimentel's Orchestra

Presentation of Diplomas - - - Prof. E. P. Lewis
President of the Board of Education.

Music—Finale - - - - Pimentel's Orchestra





PRESIDENT DRURY

AS an organization representing every branch of activity in the school, the Associated Students has met with success during the past term. Organization is always essential to success, and although the exact function of the Associated Students has never been strictly defined, it nevertheless occupies an important place among the school activities. However, if the various activities were brought into closer relation to the Student Body, it seems as if there might be added interest on the part of all the school in regard to the different lines of endeavor among the students.

For one thing, meetings of the Associated Students should be held regularly, in order to keep up interest. It is not always possible to hold meetings during school hours, and the teachers cannot be expected to give up time that should in reality be devoted to the regular work, to outside and subordinate matters. Any meetings that the faculty are kind enough to allow the students during school hours, should be appreciated and should be devoted to serious consideration of matters pertaining to the school's welfare, not to having a holiday.

There is undoubtedly some benefit from the Associated Students' meetings. If there is to be a healthy interest sustained in the school activities, they must at intervals be brought before all the students. If the pupils are to become familiar with the facts in regard to questions pertaining to the school's welfare, they can best be discussed at meetings

Ye Forum



PRESIDENT WISECARVER

VERY justly, indeed, may the Forum look with pride on the achievements of the past year. Perhaps at no time in the past has the society received the support of the school as it does at present. Throughout both terms the membership has been constantly increasing, and the increase has been of such an order as to brighten the prospects in the forensic line for some time.

The first debate of the year was between the Forum and Agora, and the Forum team, consisting of Percy Wise-carver (leader), Chancellor Grady, and Aubry Drury, carried off the honors of the debate, including the best speaker. Soon after this the team met in a contest with Lowell, and although the decision was given to the San Francisco school for the debate, the honor of best speaker was given to Aubry Drury.

Immediately on the opening of school in January, a team consisting of Newton Drury (leader), John J. Miller and Aubry Drury was selected, after a close and interesting try-out, to meet Oakland in the eleventh annual debate between the two schools. Because of its various elements of strength, this team is undoubtedly the best debating team that has

represented Berkeley High for some time. According to all expectations the team was not only victorious, but John Miller was accorded best speaker. The debate was fittingly celebrated with a banquet and the Forum is now looking forward with expectancy to a debate with the Agora,—the Forum team consisting of Reese Thompson, Percy Frater, and Frank Pinger, all of whom are new debaters, but of whom great things are expected. During the past term senate debates have been participated in frequently, but in the future, less of the senate work and more scheduled debates between the members are being planned. With the exit of the class of June, 1908, the Forum will lose several of its old members and most experienced debaters, Newton Drury, Wisecarver and Norton being members of that class.



Officers.

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	Percy Wisecarver
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	-	Aubry Drury
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bruce Anthony
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur Lacy
Sargeant-at-Arms	-	-	-	-	-	-	William Hanford



The Debating Team.



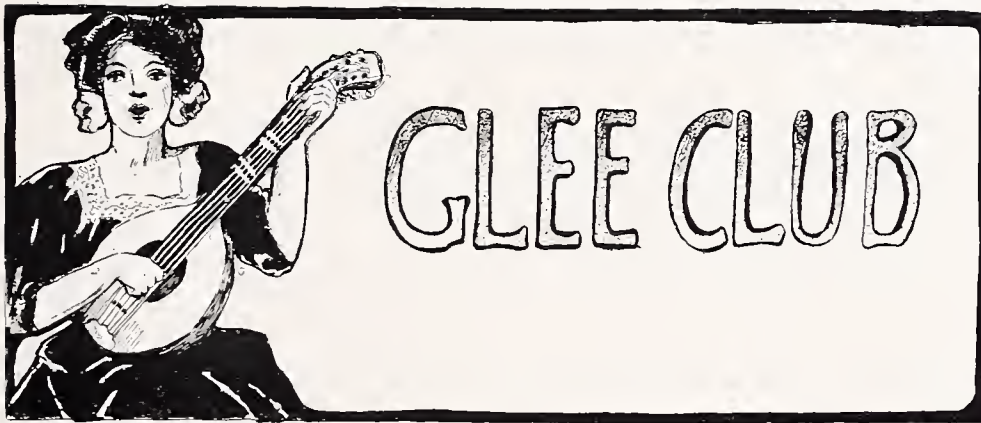
The Agora.

THE AGORA has now been in existence since December, 1905. A girls' debating society was first regarded as an experiment, and not altogether favorably; but during the last two years it has been steadily growing, and is now recognized as a permanent organization of the High School.

Although this term the Agora has not done anything so strenuous as entertaining a convention, the members have profitably devoted their time to frequent and interesting meetings. Under the leadership of Miss Myrth Lacy the society has carried out its aims, which are threefold: To become proficient in the art of debating, to learn something of the important events of the day, and for social pleasures. For the purpose of acquiring fluency and ease in debating, some afternoons have been devoted to regular debates, and others to extemporaneous work. Literary meetings, at which recitations, music and readings have been given, in addition to discussion of current topics, have proved to be of much value this term. A debate has been arranged with the Forum, in which the Agora will be represented by Misses Natalie Metcalf, Zella Henrich and Helen Lacy. The Agora will support the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all steam and electric railroads."

The Debating League of California was entertained by the San Francisco high schools this term. A delegation of nine members represented the Agora, who reported a splendid time and were unanimous in their praise of the hospitality extended to them. The Saturday following the convention the society spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of the president.

Next term will witness a debate between the Agora and San Jose, in which the girls will put forth their best efforts to win a victory for B. H. S.



THE GLEE CLUB has made rapid strides this term in a musical direction. At the beginning of the year the director of the club the preceding term, Mr. Earl Waycott, called a meeting and new officers were elected. Earl Waycott was elected President and Director, Carl Replogle, Vice-President and Business Manager; Roe Wells, Treasurer; Grace Lippincott, Secretary; Claire McClure, Pianist, and Joseph Sturgis, Librarian.

Owing to the success of "Pianafore," staged at Ye Liberty last term, it was at first thought that another opera could be staged this term, but owing to the fact that the senior class is to give a play, this idea was dispensed with after much debating, and a series of concerts was at once planned for the term. The first of these concerts was given in the Assembly Hall the night of January twenty-fourth, before a well-filled hall. The program was enjoyed by all, and many compliments were given Mr. Waycott for his excellent directing. The second and last concert was given in the Auditorium the evening of April twenty-first. The hall was comfortably filled, and a long programme of difficult, octette, solo and chorus music rendered. Much credit is due Mr. Waycott as director, and Miss McClure as pianist. The first concert was given as a benefit for the Associated Student Body. A neat sum was realized.



The activities of the term ended with a dance given in Wilkin's Hall, Saturday evening, May sixteenth. The Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. Over fifty couples were present, and much credit is due Mr. Carl Replogle as floor-manager. The Glee Club bids fair to remain almost permanently organized as a means of teaching music, although no director is provided by the Board of Education.

The Club has realized about \$15 clear of all expenses for the term, and has voted to hold this over until next term to buy music with at that time.





The Lamp and Quill

A Senior Honorary Society



HONORARY MEMBERS

WELLYN B. CLARK
PAUL McD. KERR
A. N. SHELDON
L. R. SMITH



CLASS OF JUNE 1908

IRWIN BERRY
NEWTON DRURY
WARREN FERRIER
HURD MATTHEW
ALBERT RATHBONE
RUSSEL SCHULTZE
WOLCOTT STANTON
EARL WAYCOTT

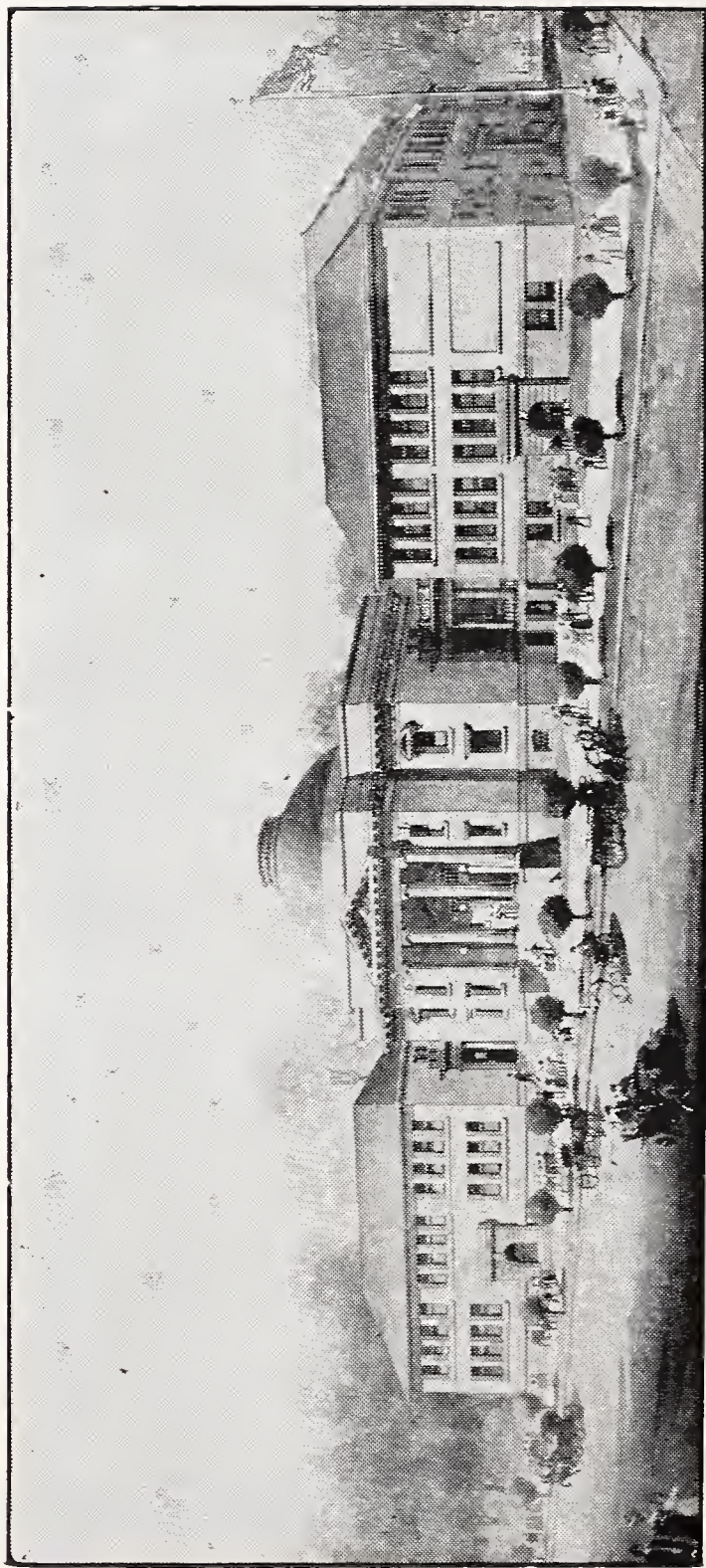
CLASS OF DECEMBER 1908

FRED ALLEN
RALPH ALLEN

GEORGE McDONALD
RAYMOND MARTIN
DONALD MONROE
MONTEREY MORRIS
STANLEY PARTRIDGE
JACK SLOAN
ROBERT WEBER

CLASS OF JUNE, 1909

JOSEPH BARNETT
PAUL BARTLETT
ARCHIE BECKETT
ALFRED HARTLEY
JOHN MILLER



The Future Berkeley High School.

ATHLETICS



McGee.



Wearers

of the
"B"



BASEBALL

RALPH COANE
CHARLES DAVIS
LESLIE DENT
LIONEL HENDRICKS
GEORGE INCELL
FERN LAIRD
HURD MATTHEW
RALPH NORTON
PAUL PARRISH
FAUNTLEROY SMITH
BERT WEST

FOOTBALL

BOWERS BOONE
ARCHIE BUTLER
ALFRED HARTLEY
GEORGE INCELL
FRANK LAIRD
LESLIE MARTIN
HURD MATTHEW
HARVEY MITCHELL
MONTEREY MORRIS
DONALD MUNRO
RUSSEL SCHULTZE
BREVARD SINCLAIR
MALCOLM SINCLAIR
OSCAR STEEL
HERBERT WATKINS



TRACK

FRED ALLEN
RALPH ALLEN
IRWIN BERRY
AINSLEE CAMPBELL
STAFFORD JORY
WILLIAM HANFORD
HOLLIS HYDE
GEORGE INCELL
RANDOLPH MONROE
CLAUDE MOSS
RAYMOND NEWSOM
ALBERT RATHBONE
LELAND RATHBONE
MARION SCOTT
ALBERT SHERWIN
JACK SLOAN
OSCAR STEEL
EARL WAYCOTT

TENNIS

HOWELL GESTER

SWIMMING

PHILLIP PATTERSON

FOOTBALL

IN this edition of The Olla Podrida it seems fitting to give a short review of last season and tell something of the teams whose work in the past five years has brought the Hearst trophy to Berkeley High, to remain forever as a token of football prestige. The Hearst trophy was the donation of William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst handed the cup over to the A. A. L. with instructions that the school winning the cup three times out of five seasons should keep it as a permanent trophy. By dint of hard practice, courage and love of their school, the fellows of the '03-'05 and '07 teams left no doubt in the minds of all as to where the cup belonged. The fellows who constituted these teams are as follows:

The team of 1903: Patton (Capt.), Solinsky, Peck, Freuler, Bowman, Kerr, Miller, Connolly, Shuey, Hackley, Dugan, Witcher, Shingle, Steele, Schaeffer. Coaches—Lindley and Solinsky. Manager—Shaffer.

The team of 1905: Al Solinsky (Capt.), Miller, Thomas, Stearns, McKinley, Stutt, Weston, Ed Solinsky, Merritt, Almy, McCarthy, Matthews, Watts. Coach—Solinsky. Managers—Evers, Haseltine.

The team of 1907: Hartley (Capt.), Watkins, Schultze, Steel, Mitchell, Laird, Munro, Morris, Boone, Butler, Knupp, Sinclair, Incell and Matthew. Coach—Stutt. Manager—Macdonald.

The team of 1903 was the first to bring the cup to Berkeley. It was lost during the season of 1904, when our team was defeated by Oakland, score 6-5, in one of the hardest-fought games played by the two schools.





Oakland was defeated by Lick and Lick retained the cup for a year. The season of 1905 was won by our team over Oakland and all competitors, and the cup again became the possession of Berkeley High. This team was the one that defeated Los Angeles High for the state championship—score 4-0. Our team of 1906 suffered the loss of a great many players by graduation the previous year, so was forced to make up a team from raw material. They lost to Oakland by a 4-6 score. The 1907 team “cinched” the trophy for our school. The work of “Bob” Stutt as coach is to be highly commended. From the remnants of the 1906 team “Bob” whipped into shape a team, which for its grit and team work, could not be excelled.

The 1907 team did what no other team has ever done—that is, to defeat our rivals from Oakland and from across the bay twice each, the games being replayed after they were won, on account of trivial protests. Out of the 14 games played only one defeat was suffered, when the team lined up against Seattle High, an eleven composed of older, heavier and more experienced men. Here the team did not stop to bewail its defeat, but on returning from Seattle worked harder than ever and showed Lick that its one set-back had brought out the “fighting stuff” in the eleven, rather than demoralizing it.

Too much credit cannot be given to the rooters of the school under Archie Beckett, who so ably supported the team at each game.

The members of the team also wish to thank “Bill” Henderson for the beautiful loving cup which he presented to the school. Mr. Henderson is one of the merchants of the town who takes a keen interest in high school sports.

In concluding we wish to express our heartfelt thanks to Principal James and the faculty, who aided in every possible way the success of the eleven.

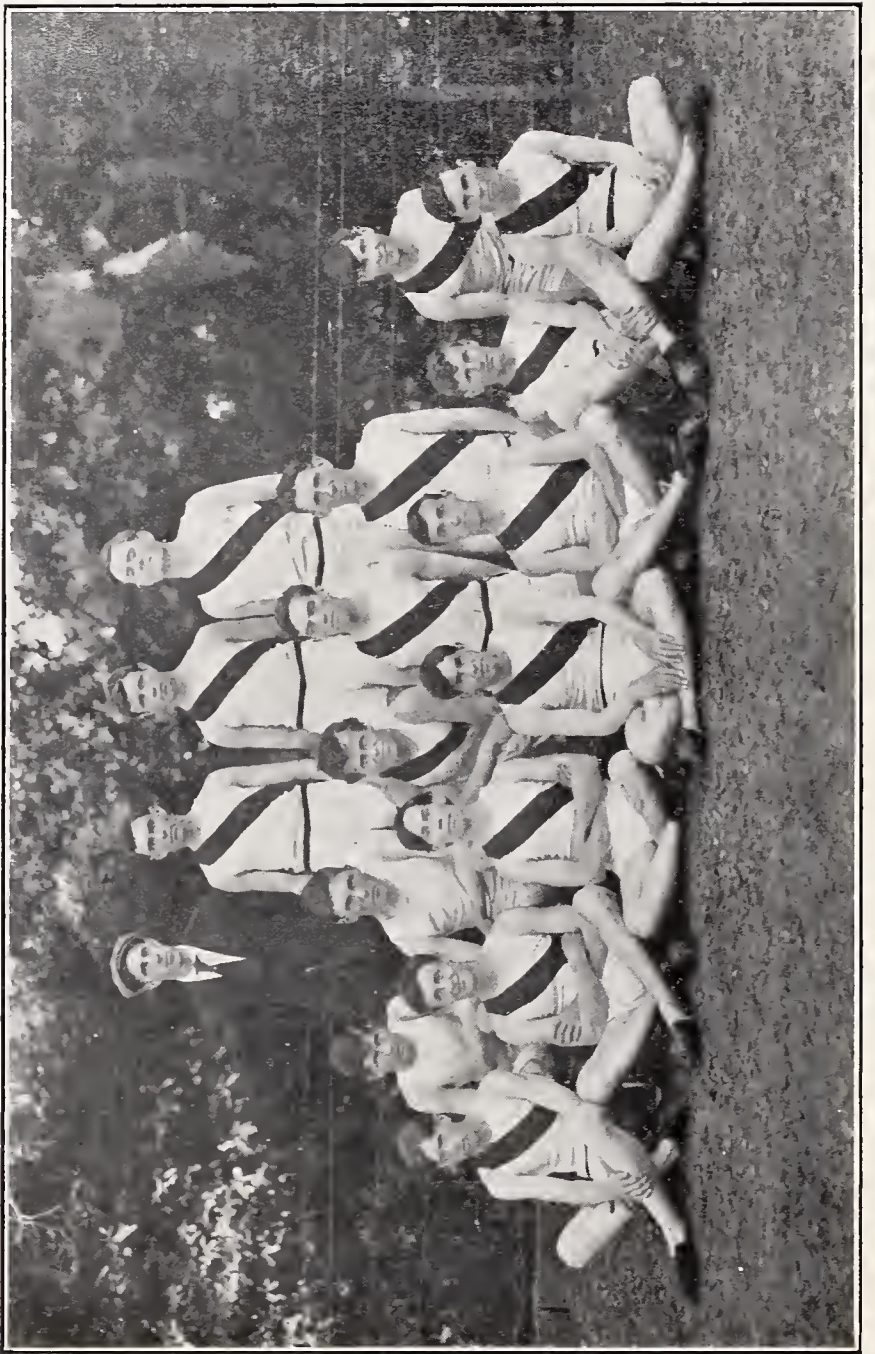
Geo. D. MacDonald,
Football Manager, 1907.



CAPT. ELECT
INCELL



CAPT. HARTLEY





TRACK



WITH our six relay men tearing off the mile in record time, and the bleachers filled with a crowd that were mad with delight and had yelled themselves hoarse, on May 16, the track season of the spring of 1908 ended in a blaze of glory for the crimson and gold.. Our team, with the memory of their beloved captain in their minds and ever before them the thought of the B. C. L. cup which one more victory would give to Berkeley High and which he had ever been striving to win, fought each race to the finish and came out with a score far ahead of Oakland, our nearest competitor. The Bay County meet was the big event of the year, as both we and Oakland remained out of the A. A. L., and our team conclusively proved its worth by the manner in which it carried off the events that Saturday.

To review the season, the first meet was against the Stanford freshmen. A team supposedly composed of picked Bay County athletes, but actually containing only Oakland and Berkeley men, met defeat at the hands of the Cardinal babies.

The relay carnival was next to follow, and in it our five-man team ran completely away from our neighbors, the wearers of the blue, and captured the Roos perpetual challenge cup for the first time.

In the Stanford inter-scholastic meet the team which was well balanced, but lacking in stars, failed to figure strongly.



Harvard had held her men out of several events in readiness for the relay, and it proved a battle royal between our team and theirs, in which they finally won.

The B. C. L., as mentioned before, concluded the season. Seven first places came to us here, Monroe winning the two mile, Fred Allen the fifty and broad jump, Moss the half, Campbell the hundred, Jory the shot-put, and the relay team the mile relay.

The team as individuals:

Ainslee Campbell was the most consistent man on the team. He could always be depended upon to bring in a lead of five or ten yards in every relay. This he did in the relay carnival, Stanford Interscholastic, and B. C. L. In the latter he also won the hundred in 10:2, and took second in the fifty.

Claude Moss gave an example of what faithful training could do by winning the half in the B. C. L., with fifty yards to spare. He was also one of the best relay men.

Marion Scott has developed wonderfully during the past season and promises to be one of the best men the school has ever had. He ran a fine lap in the relays and did well in the 220 in the B. C. L., taking second.

Albert Rathbone, another mainstay of the team, was our only man to take a first place in the Stanford meet, winning the broad jump at 22 feet 6 inches. He could also be depended upon to run a good lap in the relay. In the B. C. L. he took third in the quarter, after a nice race.

Fred Allen was another star performer of the season, doing his best work in the B. C. L., in which he won the fifty and the broad jump, and broke the tape for us in the relay. It was a stand-off between him and Rathbone throughout the season in the broad jump, Allen's leap on this occasion being 22 feet 3 inches.

Stafford Jory, a new man on the team, did exceptionally well in the shot-put. Although he had little experience in handling the shot, he won that event in the B. C. L.

Irwin Berry was unfortunate in being laid up at critical



ROBT. NICHOLSON
Yell Leader

times. He would have been a good relay man, and also stood a good chance of placing in the 880.

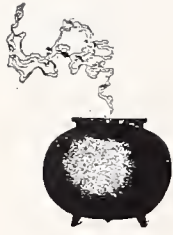
Randolph Monroe ran his characteristic race in the two mile, winning without competition. There are many of us who expect to see the world's interscholastic record for this event come to Berkeley High through his running in the future.

Leland Rathbone deserves great credit for his fine race in the two mile, also. He trained more faithfully than any other man on the team.

Ralph Allen, our pole vaulter who showed up so well last season, failed to take any points this year, on account of lack of training. He has the ability in him, however, and should give a better account of himself next term.



The Relay Team



Will Hanford showed up as a good miler, placing in the Stanford meet and defeating his old rival, Hartwell of Oakland.

Hyde, Steel, Brown and Dewing are all new men and give promise of being valuable point winners in the future. Steel tied for third in the high jump in the B. C. L.



The Cross-country Team.

On February 22, our cross-country team, consisting of Monroe, L. Rathbone, Hanford, Sherwin, Hyde and I. Norton, captured the A. A. L. cross-country run held in the North Berkeley hills, finishing first, fifth, sixth, eleventh and fifteenth, respectively. The boys all trained faithfully for the meet and deserve great credit for their victory.

B. H. S. Track Records

Event.	Holder.	Time.
50-yard dash	Chester Stanley, '02.....	5 3-5 sec
100-yard dash	Chester Stanley, '02.....	10 2-5 sec.
	Roger Whitman, '06	
	Ainslee Campbell, '09	
220-yard dash	Gould Harrold, '07.....	23 2-5 sec.
440-yard dash	Roy Woolsey, '97.....	52 2-5 sec.
	Calvin Holmes, '08	
880-yard run	Royal Miller, '06.....	2 min. 4 sec.
1-mile run	William Hanford, '09.....	4 min. 44 sec.
2-mile run	Randolph Monroe, '08....	10 min. 14 sec.
120-yard hurdles	Bert Chaplin, '02.....	16 3-5 sec.
220-yard hurdles	Chauncey Eldridge, '07.....	26 4-5 sec
High jump	W. C. Patterson, '92.....	5 ft. 10 in.
	John Service, '08	
Broad jump	Bert Chaplin, '02.....	22 ft. 6 in.
	Albert Rathbone, '08	
Pole vault	Ralph Allen, '08.....	10 ft. 6 1-2 in.
12-lb shot-put	Gould Harrold, '07.....	4 ft. 3 1-2 in.
12-lb. hammer throw	James Blakemore, '04....	151 ft. 4 4-5in.
1-mile relay (6 men)	(Standing touch) ...	3 min. 20 1-5 sec.
	A Campbell A. Rathbone	
	C. Incell C. Moss	
	M. Scott F. Allen	





BASEBALL



OUR baseball team this year has made a splendid showing, despite the loss of the semi-final A. A. L., game to Napa. The team won the Central Sub-League without losing a game, having defeated at least two teams much superior to the Napa team. The loss of the Napa game was largely due to the fact that two of our best men, Incell and West, were unable to play in that game. The Berkeley High team, before the beginning of the A. A. L., succeeded in defeating the U. C. Freshmen four times, while they lost only one game to them, and that by a close score. The eighteen-inning game which our team won from the Freshmen on Washington's birthday, was said to be one of the best ever seen on the U. C. Campus. Besides showing the capabilities of the team as a whole, it gave evidence of the class of ball that Charlie Davis has been pitching throughout the season.

Both in the infield and outfield, this year's team is strong. "Babe" Dent, at the receiving end, has played errorless ball, and has showed better form with each game. He held Charlie well, and his winging to the bases almost invariably caught the men who tried to steal. With a little more development, "Babe" will undoubtedly prove the most formidable catcher in the league.



None of the other pitchers in the league can equal Charlie Davis. His splendid work was to a great extent responsible for many of our victories. Possessing the speed and curves of an experienced pitcher, he completely baffled the majority of the batters that faced him. In no league game did he walk more than four men, and generally one or two. In the eighteen inning game with the College freshies, he did not give one base on balls. In the four league games with Oakland, the Oakland Polytechnic, Alameda, and Napa, he fanned thirty-two men. He proved to be steady at all times. As he does not graduate this term, we have a good chance of winning the league pennant next year.



CAPT. MATTHEW

Fern Laird, on first, evinced league form throughout the season. That his fielding average is not 1000 is due to the fact that he always tries for the hardest chances, and often gets them. He held down his corner in great style, and when shifted to short to fill Bert West's place, in the last two games, he played the position creditably, although he had little practice in the new position. His striking ability, together with his skillful fielding, make him the best all around player, not only on the B. H. S. team, but in the entire league. He will not graduate, and so will be on the team again next year.

"Old Reliable" Hurd Matthew, at second base played steady ball, taking many hard chances, and making a number of brilliant stops. Hurd captained the team well during the season, and his generalship would surely have resulted in the winning of the league pennant if it had not been for the disability of two of Berkeley's men, in the Napa game. Hurd proved a reliable batter, making two-base hits in the Alameda game at opportune moments, and thus winning his own game. He will graduate this year and it will be difficult to find a man next season who will fill his place so capably.

At shortstop, Bert West showed up well, although he was unable to play in the final game because of sickness. Bert's

terrible wing proved of great value on short, and prevented many a batter from beating out what would otherwise have counted a hit. West is among the foremost batters on the team, and generally comes through with a hit when needed.

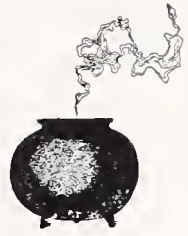
"Smith proved himself capable of holding down the most trying corner of the diamond. The one error made by him during the season was due to the fact that he had been hit in the arm by a ball during the game, and thus was unable to make a good throw to first. He was especially successful in tackling difficult foul flies, and made several sensational catches in the Alameda game.

The left garden was patrolled by "Slivers" Coane, who let nothing escape. He played without making an error in the entire season, and continued the good work when he took Laird's place at first in one game, finishing with an average of 1000. Coane is a fast man, and can play left field to perfection. He will be one of the strong men on next year's team.

"Warhorse" Incell pulled them down from the clouds in center field. Nothing was too difficult for him to make a try for, and nothing that he tried for escaped him. He also finished with a fielding average of 1000. Incell is one of the fastest men in the league, and covers enough ground for two outfielders. His base-running is always an exhibition of heady, as well as speedy baseball. Incell will be with the team another year.

Parrish played right well, doing some clever fielding in his position. His hitting, though not steady, was good at times. He has one three-bagger to his credit in the Polytechnic game. With the experience of this season behind him, he gives promise of being a valuable man next year.

"Tammany" Norton, as utility man, did anything and everything required of him, playing in the outfield and at first. Norton is an earnest worker, and tried hard throughout the season. When he connected with the ball, it was generally good for several bases. Although he was able to do little successful hitting during the league games, because of his in-





frequency at the bat, in the early practice games he showed hitting ability. In both the game with the U. C. Freshmen and the game with the Van Der Nailens, he made hits good for three bases.

The team as a whole was good both in fielding and in hitting. No home runs were made this season, although Fen Laird started the season off with a three-bagger to the farther end of Freeman's Park, and was barely caught at home, because of the quick fielding of the Oakland center-fielder. Three-base hits were made by Laird, Dent, Parrish, and Davis, since the beginning of the A. A. L. . . Hurd Matthew has a couple of two-baggers to his credit, while Laird and West each made one. Sacrifice hits were made by Laird (2), Dent (2), Matthew, and Parrish.

The batting and fielding averages of the members of the team are as follows:—

Fielding Averages.

	PO.	A.	E.	Percent.
Dent	42	6	0	1.000
Incell	9	1	0	1.000
Coane	12	0	0	1.000
Smith	8	14	1	.956
Matthew	6	10	2	.888
Laird	31	4	5	.875
Norton	10	1	2	.846
West	8	8	3	.842
Davis	5	18	5	.822
Parrish	3	0	2	.600

Batting Averages.

	AB.	R.	H.	Percent.
Laird	20	3	8	.400
Davis	17	4	6	.353
Matthew	21	5	7	.333
West	12	2	4	.333
Parrish	17	2	3	.176
Dent	21	4	3	.143
Incell	14	1	2	.143
Smith	15	2	1	.066
Coane	18	0	1	.055
Norton	8	0	0	.000

Basket Ball.



THE basket-ball team which Berkeley High turned out for the season of 1908 was one of the strongest supported by the school since the game was first taken up five years ago. The team played consistently throughout the season, and although meeting defeat at the hands of Oakland, finished second in the percentage column of the league.

Team work was the feature that made this aggregation one so well balanced, that no particular member shone as a star, far above his fellow players. It was due to this fact that many games were won.

The team consisted of the following boys: John Service, Daniel Drake, Homer Davis and Al Rathbone; John Service at center was a veteran from the '07 team, and it was due to his cool head and experience that the team often pulled victory from seeming defeat. He was a player possessed of the best of judgment in tight places, a very fast man on his feet, and a good, gritty fighter. A one-handed toss from directly under the basket made him a player to be feared by all his opponents.

Captain Jory, left forward, was an all-around player. He was fast and of an advantageous, stocky build. With his specialty—a one-handed throw from the center of the court—he was an excellent goal-thrower and a clever player.

The specialty of Daniel Drake, right forward, was team work. He was exceptionally fast, good at recovering the ball, and a hard worker throughout. He will form the nucleus of the 1909 team, as all his fellow players will have graduated by that time, and is captain-elect.

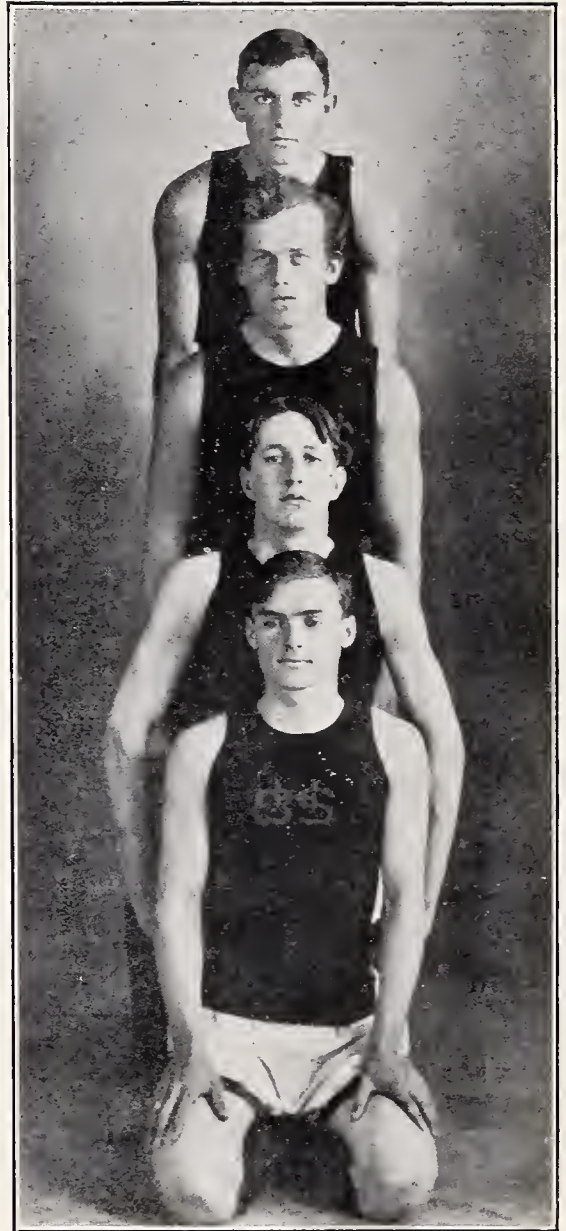
Homer Davis, the left guard, was one of the best men for the position the school has ever had. He

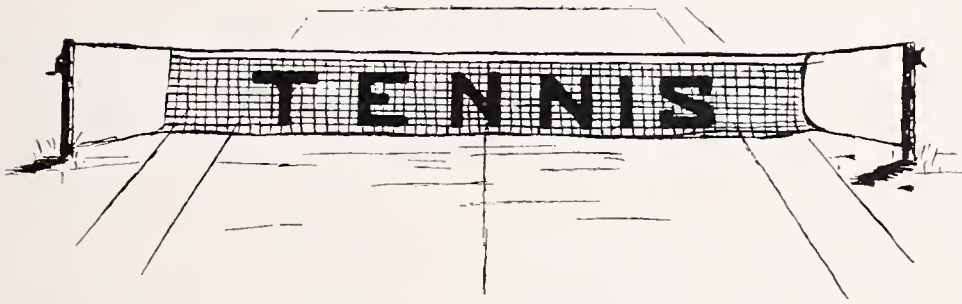


played a guard-forward game, running down the floor, making a try for a basket, and quickly returning to his position at the other end. Homer possessed both the speed and wind necessary for this style of playing.

Al Rathbone, the right guard, was noted for his stamina and hard-fighting qualities. He fought his man from start to finish, and was always there when his opponent tried for a goal.

Other fellows who took part in several of the games were Will Stone and Neil Cornwall. Stone showed his fast team work and goal-throwing to advantage in the Stockton game. Neil Cornwall, substitute center, took part in several games, in all of which he showed that he will be a hard contender for the position next term.





THIS year has seen a steady growth in tennis in school. More players are becoming interested in the game, and there is no reason why Berkeley High should not be represented in all school tournaments for some time to come.

Tennis is one of the nicest and cleanest games played, and if only more boys would get out and try it they would also find some exceedingly earnest and energetic boosters of the game among some of the members of the faculty, namely, Mr. Clark, Mr. A. N. Sheldon, Mr. F. H. Sheldon, M. Smith, Miss Carter and Miss Barnett.

There was no A. A. L., tennis this term, as the league was a very uncertain quantity any way, so tournaments were arranged with Oakland, Wilmerding, and a triangular tournament, with Oakland, Lick and Berkeley entered. We made a very good showing in each tournament, winning from Oakland by a score of 3 to 2. Wilmerding defaulted, and in the triangular tournament Lick won, Berkeley second, Oakland third. Besides these tournaments a High School tournament was held to pick the players to represent the school. Irwin Berry won the singles championship by defeating Archie Beckett in the finals. Beckett has improved wonderfully in the last year, and next year should be able to hold his own with anybody. The Morris brothers also played fine tennis, but did not practice as often as they should. Gester was the next best man in singles, and also played with Berry in the doubles. Other players who showed up well were Clyde Deacon, F. Allen, R. Allen, J. Miller, R. Barrett and Arthur Little, the last-named being a former player in San Jose High School, who should greatly strengthen the team next year.



BERRY



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GIRLS' ATHLETICS



ANOTHER successful season has passed and the Girls' Basketball team has maintained its superior standing. With the prestige of victories of last term, a good court for practice, a competent coach, and the financial support of the student body, we had excellent opportunities of "making good." All of the match games resulted in a victory for B. H. S. The only thing we regretted is that we were unable to secure a game with Healdsburg, the holder of the championship title.



MADGE SPENCER (Capt.)

As regards the line-up for this team, Madge Spencer captained the team, and played her usual splendid game as guard.

Doris Spencer, the other guard, has played a brilliant game all through high school, this year being no exception.

The team-work of the forwards, Isabella Brown and Agnes Boone, has been excellent. Miss Boone's chief work consisted in playing the other forward and in throwing free-goals. A chief feature of our games was the splendid field throws of Miss Brown.



The position of touch-center was played by Lorena Buck. Miss Buck is to be congratulated, as she easily outplayed her opponents in all the games.

Mame Rayder was the find of the season, and playing side-center strengthened that part of the team wonderfully.

The other side-center was played by Lillian Brown.

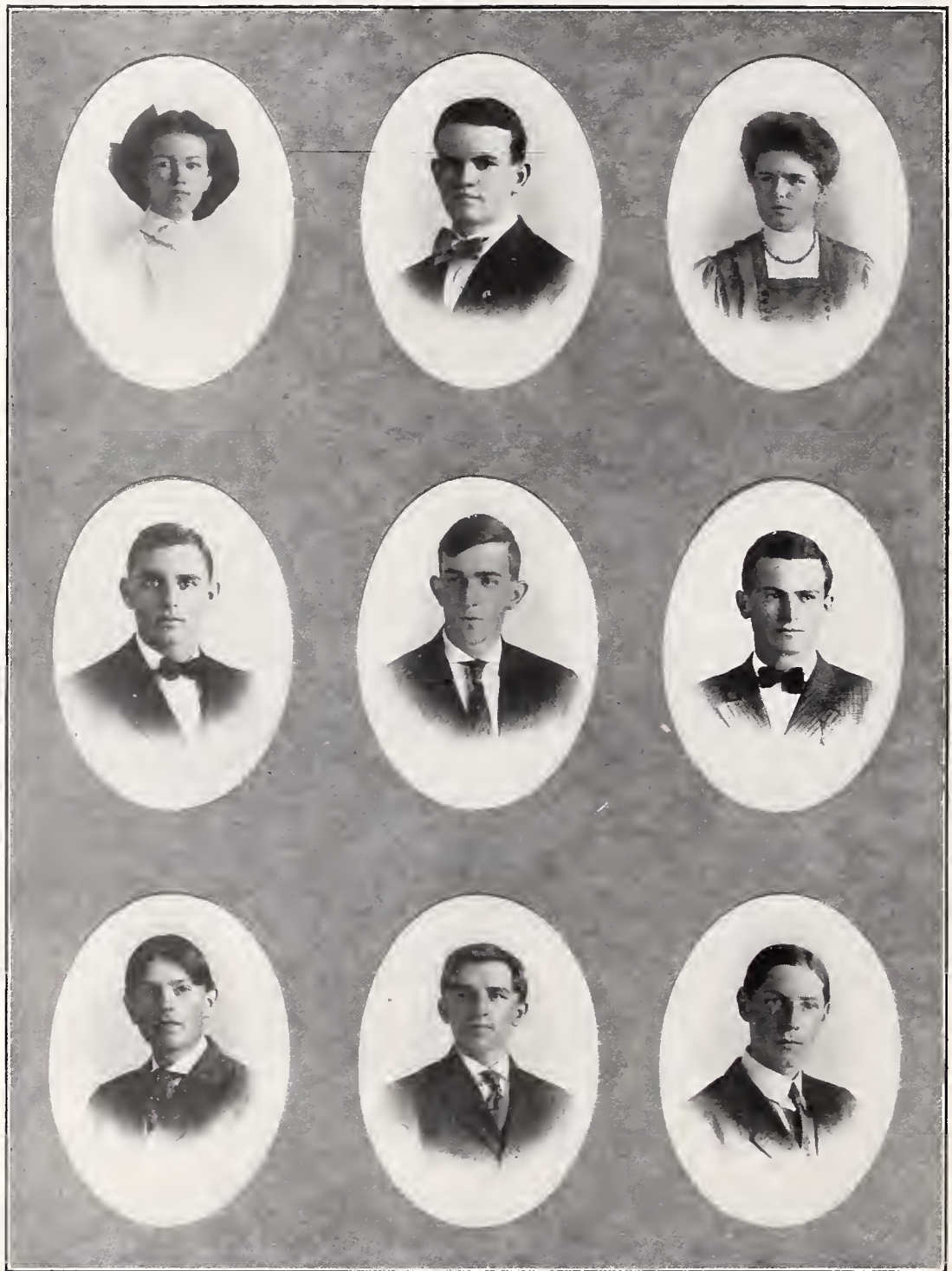
Bess Jones and Frances Norton were substitutes, and although they did not have an opportunity of playing in the match games they are to be commended for their faithful practice.

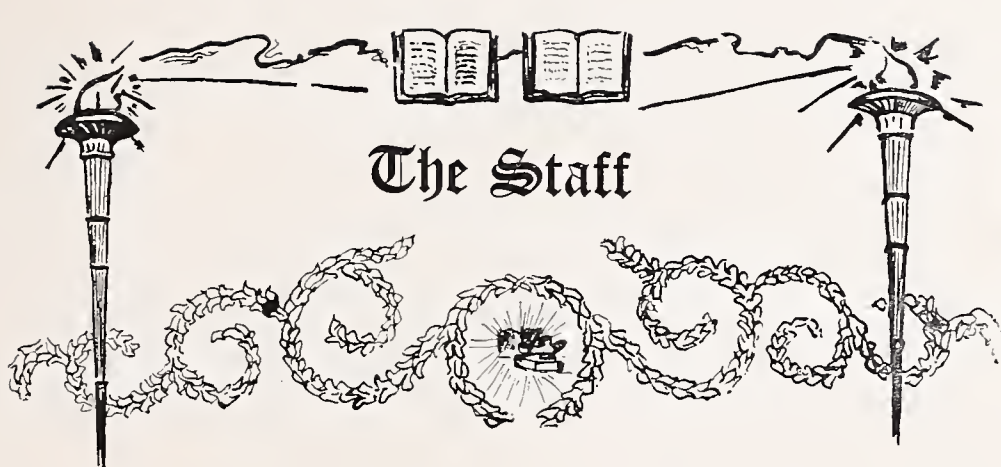
Miss Norton, manager of the team, performed her duties very creditably. Other players who have showed up well and from whom much is expected next term are Elsa Marston, Zora Pentagast, Margaret Slater, Ella Wall and Olive Bannister.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Seymour Schwartz for his kindness in devoting so much of his time to coaching the team, and also Mr. Clark for the courtesy which he has extended to us.

Literary







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The Message of the West Wind.

ONCE again the hills are turning to a richer, softer brown,
And the wild oats are a-tremble on the slopes above
the town.

Once again the blue deeps shimmer back of Grizzly's drowsy
crest;

Shrunk the brooklet to a ribbon, telling summer is our guest.

Comes a whisper up the canyon, oak and laurel quicken, stir,
And the scent of eucalyptus mingles with a whiff of fir.

Hark! From off the swells of ocean blows the west wind,
fresh and free.

Listen! Can you catch the message which it brings to every
tree?

O young heart, yours too the message, yours the strange new
consciousness

Of a world outspread before you, yours to win, yours to
possess.

Great new tasks await your coming, great new joys, and love,
and pain,

Weary, toil-worn hearts to lighten, tears to dry, and honor
gain.

Goodly battles rise before you in the flight of coming years,
Sloth and ignorance to conquer, cowardice, sin and slavish
fears.

Bright the summers lie behind you, many another is in store,
And this new one holds a promise which was hid in days of
yore.

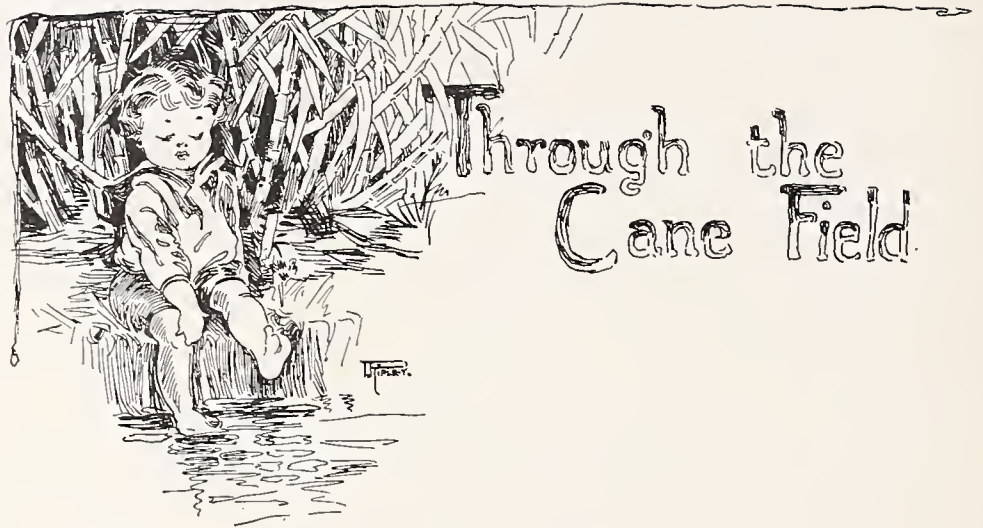
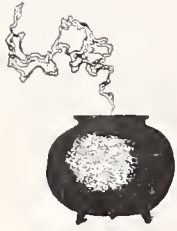


Westward front our white Sierras, westward flow their mighty
streams;
Child of California's nurture, claim and realize all your dreams.

Up! brave heart, the way lies open, from old ocean comes the
call;
On! mid mist, mid storm to victory! On, nor falter, halt, nor
fall!

—Lorraine Andrews, '08.





COME boys, nearly time for dinner! Uncle is riding up the hill. Come quick and get your baths."

"All right, mother. Come on, Bunny, and take your bath."

"Don't want to."

"Well, you've got to. I'll take mine first if you don't hurry."

"Don't care."

"Well, mother won't like it if you're late. Uncle wants things on time; plantation managers've got to have everything prompt, and people have to mind 'em. You'll be late to dinner, and it's rude, when you're visiting, specially."

"Don't want any dinner."

"Well, you will; and if you aren't careful, mother'll take us right back to Honolulu. You're a naughty boy! You're dirty as a pig, all that sugar cane you've been eating, and the dust—"

"Don't care."

"All right, you'll see! I'm going anyway, and you can come when you're ready;" and the elder brother, with conscious dignity, started for the house.

Bunny, left to himself, sat down by the side of the road, grasping a stick of sugar cane at which he munched fitfully. The "don't care" look was still in his wide, blue eyes, but suddenly the tiny frown that accompanied it smoothed out, then became an intensely interested smile, as down the road toward him came a shiny black mule, a Japanese bestriding it, and a long, horsehair rope dragging in the dust behind. The leather tassel swept an odd little pattern along the road with hoof prints on either side, and Bunny stood up to look at mule and rider. Then, fascinated by the steady crawl of the rope as the mule walked past, he ran forward and caught the snaky thing in his free hand, the other grasped tight the sugar cane.



From the manager's house came the shrill, metallic song of the Chinese cook, and then the child caught a laugh from the veranda on the other side, where his mother was sitting. The man on the mule turned his head not the slightest, but clucked to the beast, which flicked its tail and lengthened its stride. Bunny chuckled and had to trot to keep up. Great fun this! His little feet sank in the soft, red dust, and sent up puffs of powder in fine rain upon his bare legs, his khaki knee breeches, his blouse and fair hair, making all of one tint.

They left the garden, with its traveler's palm, its orange and mango trees, behind, and now the narrow road led down a close-shadowing tunnel of canefields. A curve in the green walk showed a pile of lava, and there lay a lizard, its scaly coat gay in the sunlight. Bunny, lagging, with the rope held taut, spied the pretty creature. With a shout of glee (a shout that made the stolid Jap turn to look) he ran forward, as with a swish of its tail the lizard led him headlong into the cane. The long stalks parted to let him pass, then swayed close once more with only a faint quiver overhead to tell where the child had entered.

Hot and breathless, long scratches on his cheeks and hands from the sudden onslaught, Bunny abruptly sat down in the middle of a furrow. The lizard was gone; the mule was



gone, too. There was no hope of catching the tassel. After all, this was more fun! He had never been among the cane before, and to be here all alone! It was like having a play-house entirely to himself, one with endless corridors to explore. Also, there were other things besides lizards to see. A mongoose, a real live Rikki-Tikki-Favi—his uncle had told him a mongoose eats rats and likes chickens. Surely he could find one. There were no cobras to be afraid of here, not the least bit of a snake. The lizard must be a cousin of the snakes. What a pity to think he hadn't been quick enough!

The cane towered high on every side. Its straight, yellow stalks, stripped of the dry, lower leaves which made a crackling carpet underfoot, bent against one another, as if the weight of sap running fast within was more than each could support alone. Far above his head the long, pointed leaves intertwined, framing, with their rich green, triangles and diamonds of the blue sky. His eyes looked eagerly at that canopy of color, filled with a longing to see above and beyond, over that waving field which from outside appeared like the softest of upland pastures. How often at a distance he had longed to roll on that velvet lawn. Now it was all about him; he could see nothing but sky and cane. The great sun was ready to go to bed. Only its rays filtered down, ruddy as they glanced from dry, yellow leaf and orange stalk.

A faint, all-enveloping murmur breathed around him. The sword-like leaves played a mysterious monotone one on another, broken by the high creak of the shining cane as it rubbed together. The insect world was astir before sundown. Blue dragon flies hummed past on gossamer wings, a centipede crawled with slow, dry crackle over the dead leaves. He stopped to watch its hundred legs and fat, red, squashy body as it made its way out of sight. Big bottle flies buzzed as they knocked against the cane.

He plodded on more slowly now, stooped to make a pathway from one furrow to another, or trudged straight on be-

tween the ridges. In one hand he still clutched the half-eaten stick of sugar cane. His eyes were growing sleepy and the perspiration washed clean paths down his dusty cheeks. His feet were heavy. Despite the manly air with which he marched from one furrow to a new one, a single wish was now in his heart. All thought of adventure was fled. A lizard scurried by unheeded.

Suddenly the golden rays aslant through the leaves were gone, and now all the sky was red. Then it paled to purple, the purple faded to a soft blue-gray; and the brief, tropical twilight was at an end.

A projecting stalk caught one little bare foot, and Bunny fell, huddling close to the roots of the cane. A sob stuck in his throat, then came out with a gulp.

"I WANT my mother!"

The stick of dirty sugar cane was hugged against his breast. Only the moon, peeping through the warm canopy, saw the baby asleep, the chubby, stained face smiling at strange dreams, the long, wet lashes; only the moon knew that Bunny had given way to effeminate tears.

A gentle tickling on his nose woke him at last, and he sat up, startled at the strangeness of his bedroom. The folk of the canefield were stirring before their visitor. A big green grasshopper, with the slimmest of legs had intruded upon Bunny's morning nap, and had been rudely brushed off into the furrow. A hum far different from the good-night murmur filled the great field. Everything was wide-awake and about the pressing business of the day, getting breakfast. A colony of black ants scurried in and out of their house. Bunny watched them intently for several moments. Then the thought came to him that it was breakfast time for him as well. He was hungry, so hungry, and thirsty too. Here was plenty of sugar cane, but not peeled and cut up nicely as his uncle fixed it for him. Perhaps they would not come for him till noon, and he did not want to be cross when they found him. His mother always said that he must be care-





ful not to be fretful when he was hungry. Sugar cane was better than nothing at all to eat. How he longed for his brother's jack-knife.

The little fellow with great care chose a fine piece, then tugged furiously, trying to drag it up by the roots. Panting hard, he dropped to his knees and began to use his teeth on the tough fibre. He could hardly dent it. Compelled to yield, he sat down facing his enemy, too wrathful for tears. Suddenly he began to pound the stalk till it swayed, then bent more and more as he caught it, high as he could reach, and swung down with his whole weight. The slim stalk snapped and crashed down with Bunny to the ground. He rose triumphant. When he had enjoyed to the full the glory of his deed he stooped to the broken ends, and began to gnaw the sweet, moist fibre. The juice was cool and delicious, and he sucked contentedly. Bunny had earned his breakfast.

When he had eaten enough he stood up, and, parting the leaves and the lazy stalks that leaned across his path, pushed onward. Sometimes he crossed the larger irrigating furrows, once he turned down one of these and followed this new way where the walking was easier. Above him he could see the topmost leaves sway in a steady wind; their rustle came down to him, but not a breath of cool air penetrated the field which enclosed him like a hot-house. On and on he plodded, too weary to break another stalk.

It was past noon when he heard a faint murmur ahead. Another step, and he almost tumbled into a wide, full irrigating ditch. The child stooped to drink and drink, then plunged both swollen feet into the clear flood, bathed his face and dipped his hair into the water. For a long time he sat by the bank, quite happy at his new fortune. He ate more sugar cane and was content, paddling his feet in the ditch, and looking at the clouds hurrying across the wide strip of sky which was now opened to him. At last he started down

stream, walking slowly along the bank. When the stars came out he fell asleep in the sheltering cane within sound of the water. On the morrow he kept along his way by the side of the friendly ditch. Strange that he met no workmen! He was ever alone, and the field stretched unendingly before and behind, cut by the silver ribbon. Not till night came again did he see a break in the green wall; but it brought him no hope, and he cried himself softly to sleep.

* * * * *

In a little cove among the cliffs where old ocean hurries inland foaming with eagerness to kiss the brook which ripples to meet him, grew some cocoanut palms and hala trees, and among them nestled a little group of grass huts. In the early morning a young Hawaiian woman came out of the door of her house and walked listlessly up the gulch. Her long, black hair hung loose and her great eyes looked despairingly from a face haggard with sleeplessness. She went slowly along the path, and stopped by the side of an old scow, a derelect, brought inland by a tidal wave which had left its print high up the trunk of the oldest cocoanut tree on the beach. The barnacles on the sides of the scow were hidden by milkweed and a tomato vine with tiny, red "love apples" festooned the stern and hung inside. Despite the gay dress nature had given, it was a deserted and a lonely thing, and the lonely woman sought it as a friend. She sat motionless save for the piteous weaving of her fingers, and moaned low.

*"Keiki," keiki," she crooned in her own soft tongue, swaying as if she held a child in her arms.

"Eh, little one, sleep well, sleep well,
No shark shall get thee,
No storm shall wet thee,
No cocoanut fall on thy head,
Eh, little one, sleep well."

* Keiki—child, in Hawaiian.





Presently, she dropped her arms and stared, dull-eyed, at the surf breaking on the beach. Slowly her glance travelled up the gulch till it rested on the edge of the cane field, and with a shrill scream she sprang to her feet. The cry mingled infinite pathos, infinite terror, but it brought a rational light to her eyes which filled with tears as she ran forward and stooped above a forlorn little figure lying there on the edge of the cane.

"Keiki, keiki," she sobbed as she caught the child to her breast, smoothing with soft fingers the fair matted hair, trying to calm both him and herself. "Keiki, you've come just in time; I have needed you so; now you are mine, little one, all mine!" Her joy was wild as the anguish which had gone before. "All mine," she sobbed, again and again, with her face close to his.

"I want my mother, I want her NOW," Bunny's voice rose till it became a wail, and his eyes lost their frightened look. He flung back his head. "Where's my mother? I want my mother." His baby voice was defiant, but suddenly it changed. "Please don't cry any more. I'm sorry I made you feel bad." He put out a soft little hand to pat the thin cheek.

"You don't make me cry, little boy." She spoke slowly in English. "I have great love for you. Come, let us go."

She lifted him to his feet, and led him down the path. Bunny held her hand tight, happy in being near her. His loneliness was wept away by her gentleness and thought of seeing his mother soon. The woman stepped quickly beside him, her face lighted by a tender smile as she looked at the child.

They reached the grass hut and found it empty. Scrupulously clean it was, with a hala mat on the floor, a great four-posted koa bedstead, and two chairs with crocheted tidies standing stiffly against the wall; on a table was laid a Bible. Her face flushed with pride as she led Bunny into the room. It was all as it should be. Her life at the board-

ing school had taught her the proper way to live, and now he wolud feel at home.

She brought a basin of water and tenderly washed the child. Then, from a camphor-wood chest she took a pile of small garments in which she dressed him. She next brought bread and milk, a new laid egg, and pink bananas. Bunny was ravenous, never had he tasted anything so good.

He was still eating while she watched his every gesture, when a tall Hawaiian came into the room. His comprehensive glance travelled from his wife to the boy and back to her; then he began to speak rapidly.

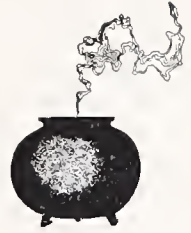
"Eh, Kealoha, so you have found the keiki! The whole island is hunting for him, and great will be the rejoicing at the manager's house. Perhaps they will make us a "luau" with young pigs; no doubt his mother will give you a fine holoku—"

"What will you say with your great babbling tongue, contemptible beast? Am I one to be glad in holokus and luans? Eat, eat, that is all your stupid heart thinks on! Have you forgotten what happened when the cane field was in bloom? The keiki has come to save me from I know not what terrors. But listen! I have not found him, you know NOTHING about him! We can hide him till they stop the search, and no one comes here but our friends. They can be made to keep silence, for what of the kahuna who will will pray them to death should I wish it? There is nothing to fear. He is mine, do you hear? I shall keep him, all mine!"

"Anne!. Kealoha, do you not think of his mother?"

"I will be his mother. She has another, and where is my baby? Dead, dead!" she sobbed.

"I have heard how his father is sent for from Honolulu, how the manager and the sheriff are hunting the cane fields. And his mother—the moaning of the ocean is like her sorrow





which will not be comforted, and numberless as its drops are the ears that fall from her eyes.”

The woman hid her face in her hands, and only the heaving of her breast told of her struggle. No groan escaped her lips. She sat bowed. Her husband stood looking sorrowfully at her, and Bunny, all wondering, crept close to her. He clasped loving arms around her neck.

“Don’t cry! I love you, and my mother will love you too. I’m goin’ to take you home, an’ she’ll make you happy. She’ll say your’e good to give me my breakfus’. You know I’m her comfort.”

She felt his lips against her forehead, those baby lips, pleading they knew not for what. The word “mother” rang in her ears. She opened her arms to catch Bunny to her breast in a long, passionate embrace. At last she spoke in Hawaiian to the man.

“His mother must not weep as I have done. Go, take the keiki to her, that her sorrow may become gladness. Say that the love of two mother’s is his forever.”

Lorraine Andrews, '08.



Success.

By Evelyn Steel.



IF a man lose his self-respect, John, what has he left?
Anything, rather than that."

"But, Margaret, suppose this man imagines himself something he is not—something higher, finer, greater; then would it not be good for him to learn the truth?"

The girl had spoken quickly, decidedly. But now she hesitated in doubt.

"I do not think it would be better. But it is a difficult question. I saw a man in the Settlement the other day who had never seen himself in his true light. He had believed in another self, perhaps an old ideal, the man that might have been. His wife died the other day. He has seen the truth. It is right that he should see it, for he has been wronging his family, unconsciously. It is a pitiful sight, a man whose self-respect is gone."

There was silence for a few moments, as each sat looking into the fire. Suddenly the man raised his head.

"Margaret, if he were a good, kind-hearted man, one who wronged no one; but if he had ridiculous ideas of his own power, believing himself an unrecognized genius; if he were a man of shallow mind, would it not be right to show him his true character?"

"No, it would not. It could do no good, and it might spoil his life. We have no right to trifle with another's happiness, John. But why do we discuss such things now? You came to me tired and worried, but I fear you will go away more so."

"The man is only in a story, Margaret, a little story I am writing. I wanted to make sure that my hero was right. That's all. I must go now; Mrs. Morris will be expecting me home to dinner."

The girl laughed. "You seem to stand in awe of your match-making landlady, John."



"Oh, no," he answered lightly, "except when she recounts to me the unusual virtues of her several daughters. Sometimes I tremble then. You have cheered me immensely Margaret."

"I am glad that you come to me when you need cheering. We are good friends, aren't we, John?"

"Indeed we are, Margaret. Good-night!" And John Allison went down the steps. He had not noticed the wistful note in the girl's voice, nor would he have understood it. They were good friends, these two, and the man was blind to many things.

At the corner he paused for a moment, undecided, then turning toward the business district, he soon reached the main streets of this bustling little Western town, which proudly called itself a city. As he made his way among the crowd, many spoke to him, and some pointed him out as a rising lawyer, probably the next prosecuting attorney, a most promising young man, though 'twas said he wrote stories.—a bad practice for a lawyer. Took his mind off his work. But John Allison passed on, unconscious of their praise or criticism.

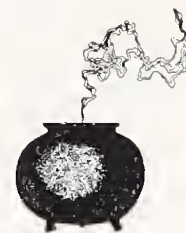
Finally he stopped beside the window of a brilliantly lighted store. On the glass, in gold letters half a foot high, with many a swell and flourish, were the words,

ALBERT SKIDMORE,

Purveyor of Fancy Groceries.

With no definite purpose in mind, the young lawyer went in. He said to himself that he would telephone to Mrs. Morris not to keep dinner for him; but in his heart he knew that he could telephone as well at the office. What he wanted was to see and hear again Albert Skidmore.

Mrs. Skidmore and the three clerks were too busy attending to the usual Saturday night stragglers to notice Allison, who, not seeing the purveyor of fancy groceries, wandered aimlessly through the store. Pausing before a large screen, which effectually concealed the desk behind it, he recognized Skidmore's thin, piping voice.



"Yes," he was saying, "a young man of extraordinary ability, though somewhat lacking in the finer elements. A little rugged,—rough, we might say. Ah, I fear there is not enough of the true poet in him, though I believe he sometimes attempts. It is a great mistake when a man has it not in him. I refer to his literary efforts, concerning which he confides in very few. But, of course—!" There was a significant pause after the last words. Then another voice murmured something indistinctly.

It never occurred to John Allison that he was listening to conversation not intended for him. To remain was the natural, unconscious impulse, and without reasoning, he remained. Again he heard Skidmore's shrill tones:

"Yes, as you say, it is most lamentable. As the poet so aptly expresses it,

"'Of all sad words of tongue or pen'—

"I, whose heart beats with all a poet's ardor—Oh, well, my friend, 'it might have been.' I, too, would have studied law, had not my highly-strung nervous constitution forbidden it. The poet-soul is too delicately fashioned, too sensitive for such a conflict with the sterner facts of life. It is only your hard, strong, practical man who can stand it. He never has the burning ideal, the inspiration, the divine light.

"Know him? Oh, yes. Yes, indeed!. We were in the same class at school. Yes, yes, we are old friends, though there is little similarity between us, he being all brute strength and force, while I am all soul. He is not poet enough to have a great ideal, and make a great sacrifice for it."

Again the voices sank into a low murmur; but soon the grocer's rose with usual squeak:

"Did you hear his speech in the Bryant case the other day? No? It was exceedingly good! UNUSUALLY so! Quite a creditable effort in one so young. We had discussed the question thoroughly together; in fact, I might almost say that I showed him that point in the evidence. Not desiring to detract



from him in any way, you understand. Not at all!"

John Allison, who in his preoccupation had for some time been gazing critically at a barrel of dried herring, turned on his heel in disgust at the grocer's last remark, and hastily left the store.

A vision of a sleek, pale-faced boy rose before him, a boy, clever on the surface, but on the surface only; one of shallow mind, who fondly believed himself of finer material than his fellows, set apart for some special task. He had always unconsciously leaned on John Allison, yet so little did he realize his dependence that he had always at the same time looked down on him, as a good-natured, plodding sort of fellow, incapable of understanding the finer emotions.

He had not the will power to apply himself to mathematics. Leave that for such minds as Allison's. It fitted them. He would write flowery verses and copy the geometry from his neighbors.

This had been the boy Skidmore. This was the man, and had it not been for his wiry, energetic little wife, the business would have fared badly. For the purveyor of fancy groceries spent most of his time at his desk, writing sonnets in the account books, and bewailing an unkind fate, which, in his own words, "chained him to this mundane sphere, when he could have soared into the empyrean on the wings of song."

Why should John Allison renounce ambition, success, perhaps fame, because of this man for whom he felt a good-natured contempt? This book was his greatest achievement. Never before had he written anything which at all satisfied his high standard. To create something of real worth, a book that should last, had been for years his highest ambition; but each little effort, as he completed it, had been held up in the light of his own unsparing criticism, and each had been laid away in his desk. He had always been supremely confident of his power to succeed at last. And now success seemed to be near. To many a one it would have come earlier, but John

Allison's ideal was too high to be easily satisfied. Now the triumph was in sight, and because of Albert Skidmore he must turn his back on it. Oh, it was unjust!

His mind was in a tumult as he climbed the two flights of stairs to his office. Why had Margaret been so positive? He was sorry that he had asked her advice. His steps echoed through the deserted building, and he was vaguely conscious of a sense of pleasure in the solitude. As he opened his door the room seemed hot and stifling after the cool halls. He crossed quickly to the windows and opened them; then throwing off his hat, pulled up a chair and sat leaning over the sill.

The night was dark, the air hot and sultry. He could hear the people passing on the sidewalk below, and the jangle of distant car-bells. He did not know how long he sat there by the window. On the next block the Salvation Army was singing to the steady beat of a drum. The monotonous tune sang itself over and over again, long after the singers had gone . . . The siren of a passing automobile moaned its low note. . . The noise of the crowd died out, the laughter and the hum of voices. . . The slow and steady step of the watchman rang on the pavement. And still the man at the window sat motionless. . . A clock in the distance struck the hour. John Allison rose suddenly and switched on the light. Restlessly he paced up and down, going over and over the struggle of the past few hours.

Why should he not publish his book? There was at least the possibility that it might not injure Skidmore. What if the sacrifice were needless? Walking the floor with long, steady steps, he argued with himself that he had a right to publish this, his greatest achievement. He owed it to himself and to the world. Once he paused before a picture, a long panel. Hosea it was, that majestic prophet, from the frieze of Sargent.

Who has not felt the fascination of that tall, straight figure in its soft, gray robe; the power of that dark, shadowy face; the wonderful strength of that hand, half hidden in the folds of the mantle?





John Allison loved the picture for its tender beauty, exulted in its glorious strength. It was his ideal of power. For a long time he looked steadily at it, and when he raised his head there was a light of resolution in his eyes. He knew that he had no right to publish that book! What was he whimpering about? Where was that strength upon which he had so prided himself?

With a quick movement he unlocked a drawer in his desk. Taking one of the many neatly-folded manuscripts, he crossed to the fireplace, and stood there for a moment, with the papers in his hand. Deliberately he struck a match. There was a sound of hasty steps on the stairs, and the watchman knocked at the door.

Oh, it's you, Mr. Allison. I've been watching the light for some time. Thought something might be wrong. You're all right, sir? Good-night. Just whistle if you need me." And the man went out, shaking his head doubtfully.

John Allison went back to his desk and opened the manuscript. He would read it again. As he turned page after page, reading the familiar words, he realized as never before the power of his book. It was vital, forceful, masterful. He knew that it was his masterpiece. And he must not publish it!

The story was woven round the character of Albert Skidmore. A delicate caricature, drawn with great skill, it bore the impress of truth. It was not a picture such as Dickens sometimes drew, in which you may love the character while you laugh at it. The man's weakness was too plain. You might feel amusement, pity, and a slight contempt, but not love. It could not fail of recognition, since the environment of the grocer-poet was necessary as a background for his character. The man himself would surely recognize it. This man who wronged no one, and was happy; whose happiness lay in this false conception of himself and his powers. For the first time he would see himself as he was. Where, then, would be his dream?

"We have no right to trifle with another's happiness."

The words came back to John Allison. He no longer parried the truth, or made excuses for himself. He looked the fact squarely in the face. The temptation had never been so strong. Few men would hesitate. Why should he? The longer he read the greater grew his love for this thing which he had created. It was part of himself. How could he destroy it? Success, even fame would be his. The ambition of his life was within reach.

Margaret's quiet words rang in his ears:

"If a man lose his self-respect, what has he left?" John Allison buried his head in his arms and groaned aloud. For the first time he realized his weakness.

"Help me," he cried fiercely. Why, if you wished me strong did you make me weak?"

For some time he sat thus, then raising his haggard face, he met the steady gaze of the Ancient Prophet. Fascinated, he looked into that strong, sweet face, until it seemed not Hosea, but Margaret, whose gray eyes met his.

Rising slowly from the chair he bent his head before the picture. Then kneeling on the hearth he crushed the pages of his manuscript in his hands, and piling them high in the grate, struck a match.

Perfect stillness reigned. Even the cars were silent. Over everything was that solemn hush which comes before the dawn, as though all the world held its breath..

John Allison stood watching the heap of white paper as it blazed brightly for a moment. Burning fragments floated up the chimney. . . The flames died, the mass became black, and then gray. There was a faint rustle as it broke and fell. The man turned from the little handful of ashes that had meant to him success, and met again the strong, quiet gaze of the Prophet.





Good-Bye

To the Class of June, 1908.

Is this good-by which soon must part
Us all away, and leave the past
Thoughts picture-land, and will it last
Beyond the beating of the heart?

Thy forms no more shall fill these halls,
The desk no more shall show thy books,
No more thy voices in the nooks
Where schoolmate kindred schoolmate calls.

So far, so long gone from my reach,
No more to see thee in thy place,
No more each day to greet thy face,
No more to hear thy human speech.

—L. R. Smith.







DON'T WORRY, SMILE!

When some morning 'tis your fate
To bolt your food at half-past eight,
And sprint for school to find you'r late,

Don't worry. Smile!

When in the hall you pause to write
A fake excuse, and shake with fright,
When Vera says, "You'll stay tonight,"

Don't worry. Smile!

And when a frat you're taken in,
Although you know it is a sin,
You must resign, a job to win,

Don't worry. Smile!

When rushing rushing 'cross the floor some morn,
That fresh petroleum doth adorn,
You slip and bust your head forlorn,

Don't worry. Smile!

To Tammany Norton we would say,
"When things no longer come your way,
When politics don't always pay,

Don't worry. Smile!"

If, when editing the "Pod,"
The "dope" comes in in no great wad,
You wish you were beneath the sod,

Don't worry. Smile!

Miss F——, when history you recite,
And read it from a book in sight,
DeWitt just calls you down for spite,

Don't worry. Smile!

If, when a sheet called "Skulk" you start,
And for it Crawford makes you smart,
Nor even Jimmy takes your part,

Don't worry. Smile!

And when you're through your senior year,
To have James say, "I sadly fear,
We have not YOUR diploma here,"

Don't worry. SMILE!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE FROM A MASCULINE STAND- POINT.

..
(Extract from an essay upon the subject, written by Robert Weber.)

My experience with the fair sex has made me unconditionally opposed to woman suffrage. In the first place, every one knows that a woman would vote for the best-looking man, whether he had any brains or not. Of course that ensure the election of some few of us whenever we ran for office, but how about the other poor fellows, who have not been so beneficently gifted by Nature?

The controversy over this question extends back to the beginning of time. In my mind there is no doubt as to the fact that woman, as has been shown, being originally a part of man, is subordinate to him. It is the fundamental duty of woman to stay at home and mind the children and cook the meals, while their husbands take all the responsibilities (except the housework) upon their shoulders, and then come home to eat the meals. In conclusion, let me say that no one is a more ardent admirer of woman than I; but it would be in defiance of all fundamental laws to let her vote.



THE MISSING LINK.

Mr. DeWitt (in history section)—Who's absent?

Chorus of Girls—Bob Weber!

Mr. DeWitt—My, how the girls' voices came out on that name!



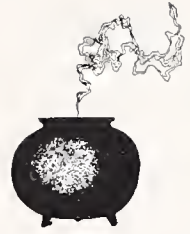
HOW COULD SHE?

Mr. Kerr (in Latin)—Miss French, what does "alter ego" mean?

Miss French—The other eye.

"Give an example in a sentence."

"He winked his 'alter ego.' "





SENIOR RECORDS.

Ralph Waldo Norton—Leader of Tammany Ring in B. H. S. (2, 3); Prex of the Amalgamated Also-Rans (4); Josh editor of the "Pod," incognito (4); acquaintance of Grady (3, 4); Gabfest Association (1, 2, 3, 4); tied with John Janney for B. H. S. champion queener (4); author of "How to Corner Politics in Preparatory Schools" (3).

Robert Himself Nicholson—Gabfest Association; Timer Girls' Basket-Ball Team (3); President of the Not-Yet-but-Soon Club; Member of graduating class (4, 5, 6).

Chancellor Kicker Grady—Gabfest Association; Acquaintance of Miller (2, 3); Surnamed "Kicker O'Grady" for his likeness to that great Roman orator (4); unsuccessful applicant to Queeners' Protective League (3, 4); Honorary and active member of the A. A. Society (see Norton's record).

Chick Macdonald—Member of Regular Attendance League (4); winner of the M. C. James Regular Attendance Trophy (4); Holder of football funds (4) Member of "The Hook and the Crook Senior Honor Society" (4); ballot-box official A. S. election (4); elected football manager (4).

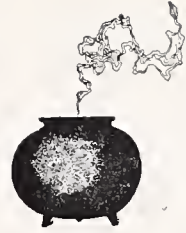
Rieber and Barnett—Siamese Twins—B. H. S. wonders; Children's Protective Play Association and Anti-Sheldon League (4); Gabfest Club.

Newton Edmund Burke Drury—Hopeful aspirant for the Amalgamated Queeners' Protective League (3, 4); Prex of the Gabfest Club (4); Second only to Block Grady in B. H. S. Beauty Contest (3); Member in bad standing of the Anti-Profanity Association (after Napa-B. H. S. baseball game).

Albert Mistletoe Rathbone—Member Queeners' Protective Association (3, 4, 5); Close third in B. H. S. Beauty Contest (4); See records of Grady and Drury; The "Hook and Crook" Honor Society (4); "Through School in 5 Years," Club (6).

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

Courting was Mr. Kerr;
Softly said he to her,
 "I love you, dear."



Tossed she her pretty head;
Smiling to him she said,
 Said she to him,

"Very kind and humble sir,
From your name I would infer
 Your love was puppy love."



A COMPARISON OF LIGHT AND SOUND.

(Extract from a physics paper on the subject, written by our eminent scientist, Frank Rieber.)

The first mention of light that can be found is in the Bible, where it reads, "Let there be light." We also find reference to sound when it speaks of Adam and Eve raising Cain. From its early meaning and usage, light has degenerated some, as I will show. A man asks you for a "light," meaning a match. Now, a match often results in a divorce; therefore, "let there be a divorce" is the level to which the ancient phrase has fallen.

We have examples of light and sound all around us daily. When you burn up your cinch notice, you make light of it. When your teachers call you down, you also make light of it. As to sounds, the 8:50 bell is a bad sound, the 3 o'clock one, a good sound. Light and sound sometimes appear together; when most girls recite they make a very light sound. I might also add, in conclusion, that this treatise of mine may sound light and frivolous; but it is not. I have sounded the depths in my research, and hope to throw much light upon the subject.



DEDICATED TO A. N. S.

Friend, you have chosen a most awful thing
In which to pass your goodly life away.
No matter what we do, or what we say,
Your hobby in our ears unceasing rings,
And, to our wonted happiness, you bring
Hard work; demanding from each one such toil,
That, ere we've "shuffled off this mortal coil,"
And ceased through this blind maze our wandering,
Ere old age has turned our hair to gray,
And by your daily problems we are stung,
We sadly sigh, and look for one more ray
Of light, upon the lengthening shadows thrown,
And, leaving Nature's secrets with a groan,
We sink, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."



MR. JAMES, IDEA OF THE GRADUATION PROGRAM.

"Music—address—more music—speech—then some more
music—another talk—still more music—benediction—final
music. I'll tell you music is a great thing. It covers a multi-
tude of sins.



AT THE SENIOR PICNIC.

Miss Percival (going out on the car and noticing build-
ings ahead)—Oh, is there where we get off?

And the joke was on her when she looked up and found
those buildings to be a brewery.



THE CAUSE OF IT.

Young Man to Young Lady—I want your chum to meet
this friend of mine. He's a great chap. We are as thick as
mud, and I tell you, when the four of us got together the dust
would fly!

Young Lady—Would the mud dry up?

HURD'S MIDNIGHT FOOTBALL GAME.

Hurd Matthew is a wondrous lad,
As everyone doth know.
He's won the victories we have had;
He'll win some more, I trow.

But the tale that I tell is another one,
More wondrous than a dream,
Of an awful fight, one dark midnight,
With a phantom football team.

The night before the Woodland game
Hurd slept a heavy sleep,
When out of a bed like a chunk of lead,
He fell on the floor in a heap.

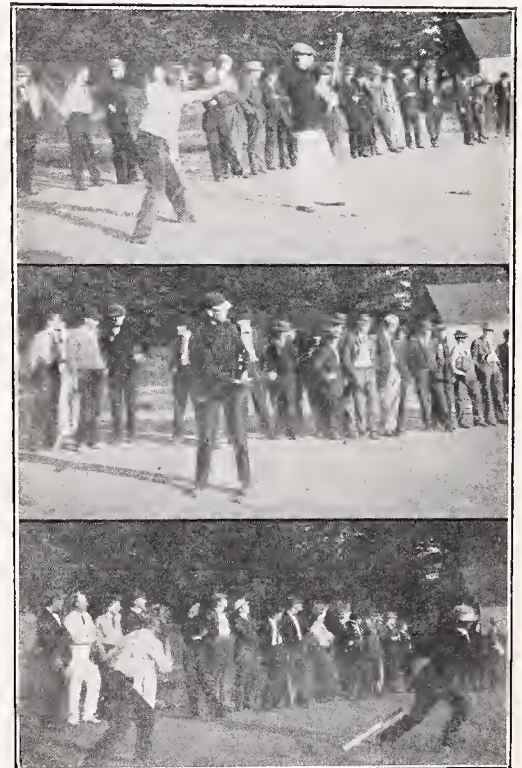
The fall drove stars and visions wierd
Through his beclouded head,
And through the haze he seemed to gaze
On the football field outspread.

He heard the plucky Hartley shout
"There's two more yards to gain,
Now "Pumpkin," fast, these guys can't last
Before our might and main!"

This stirred him up. Seizing the ball
He ran to hit them low,
Across the floor his course he bore
To smash his phantom foe.

Against the bookstand went his head;
It made an awful crash;
The books all flew, the lamp did, too—
What could withstand the dash!

How papa came in his pajamas,
Et cetera and such,
To it recall, and tell it all
Of space would take too much.



Senior Faculty Photos.



GLEANINGS FROM SUCCESSFUL CAREERS.

(A few hints from those who are now departing and leaving footprints on the sands of time; also their initials on the desks, their zeroes in the teachers' books, etc.)

When you have a hair-raising story, don't be too cheap with it. There are many members of the faculty who will pay you a high price.

If you are a good bluffer, do not neglect to take English.

If you think that the pretty little thing in the office can be worked for excuses, get the idea out of your head.

When you see a young husky around the halls, don't look upon him as one of the football team. He's Mr. Kerr.

Also that dapper looking fellow with the erect carriage, is another one of the faculty—Mr. Tucker. He hasn't "took" her yet, but there's a rumor as to the future.

All's well that ends well, therefore never end the day in the detention class.

If you wish to bum away your periods in the basement, make the cat walk down the stairs at home so as to train your cars for Mr. James' footsteps.

Hansom is as hansom does; but it's mighty nice to be both like Al. Rathbone or Bob Weber.

A most sacred thing is the gong on the wall in the hall, nor have juvenile hands dared to touch it since the day when Brick Sherwin pulled the handle and caused results.

The pen is mightier than the sword, especially the cartoonist's pen. Therefore, in the presence of F. Agar, act with due decorum.



He passes best, who flatters best,
All Profs, both great and small;
For the dars Prof who teaches us,
He cincheth or passeth all.

THAT HAT.

Waldo Sinclair (exhibiting that hat):

You all do see this "dinkk."

Well I recall the day I put it on,

That day we overcome the nervy Oakland "roughs;"

'Twas at the Oakland game, in '99;

I was a scrub. Well I remember

That resistless rush of Berkeley High,

How we o'erbore them. Many an Oakland lad

Lost his headpiece in that momentous struggle.

King Harris led the Oakland throng,

I saw him, and, massing my awful strength,—

A spring, a sudden blow, and then—well

'Twas there I copped that dinky.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Waldo often conveys his meaning through the vehicle of blank verse when he is strongly moved. The gallant deed narrated in the above gem ranks on a par with the deeds of Washington, Hobson, Diggs and many others.)



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Acknowledgement



As the last pages of the book are ready to go to press, we feel that we must acknowledge the aid rendered us in various lines, both in this edition and throughout the whole term which has now come to a close.

In this number the art work plays a principal part, and without the faithful labors of that part of the staff, the pages would lack much which they now possess. To Miss Iwalani Ripley we are most of all indebted. Her untiring work on the drawings has given us many pages of which we think we may truly be proud. To Margery Whinnery, Dorothy Wilkinson and Stewart McGee our gratitude is also due in large measure. Here, too, in a general way, we desire to thank the several others whose work appears in one place or another throughout these pages.

In the literary line, Miss Lorraine Andrews, Miss Evelyn Steel, Roy Barrett, and Ray Randall have been steady contributors and have helped us out greatly throughout the term. Aubrey Drury has rendered us considerable valuable assistance, both in debating write-ups and in joshes, and by his aid we have been helped out of several tight places. Of those not on the staff, Newton Drury and Donald Munro have won our gratitude for help in athletic write-ups. Robert Nicholson, last term's editor, has also given us assistance in several instances in the publishing of this edition, the art line included:

The business staff has played an important and necessary part throughout the term and considerable of the credit for this edition is due to them. We wish to thank Albert Sherwin, Eugene Frickstad and Malcolm Sinclair for their faithful work in this line.

Of the members of the faculty, Mr. Smith, Mr. E. O. James and Mr. M. C. James have shown us no little consideration. We also wish to thank those who acted as judges in the story contest.

To the business men with whom we have been connected in the past term, our thanks are also due. Mr. Dooley, the photographer, neglected his own work considerably to put ours through. To the employees of the Yosemite Engraving Co. and to the Waltz-Danner Printing Co., both of which have shown us much consideration, we express our gratitude.

Albert Sherwin



Malcolm Sinclair



Two members of
the business staff
to whom much
credit for this de-
partment is due.

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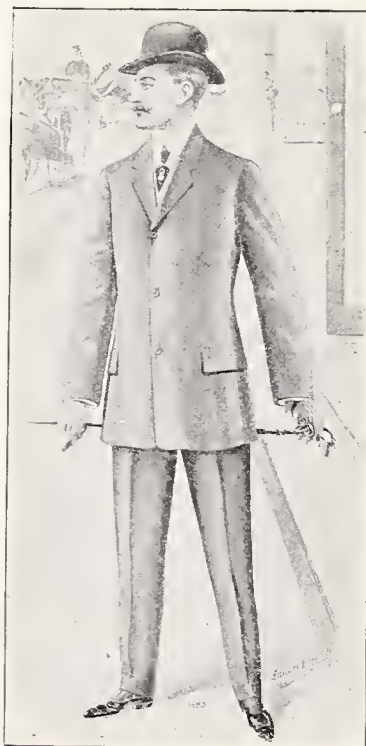
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